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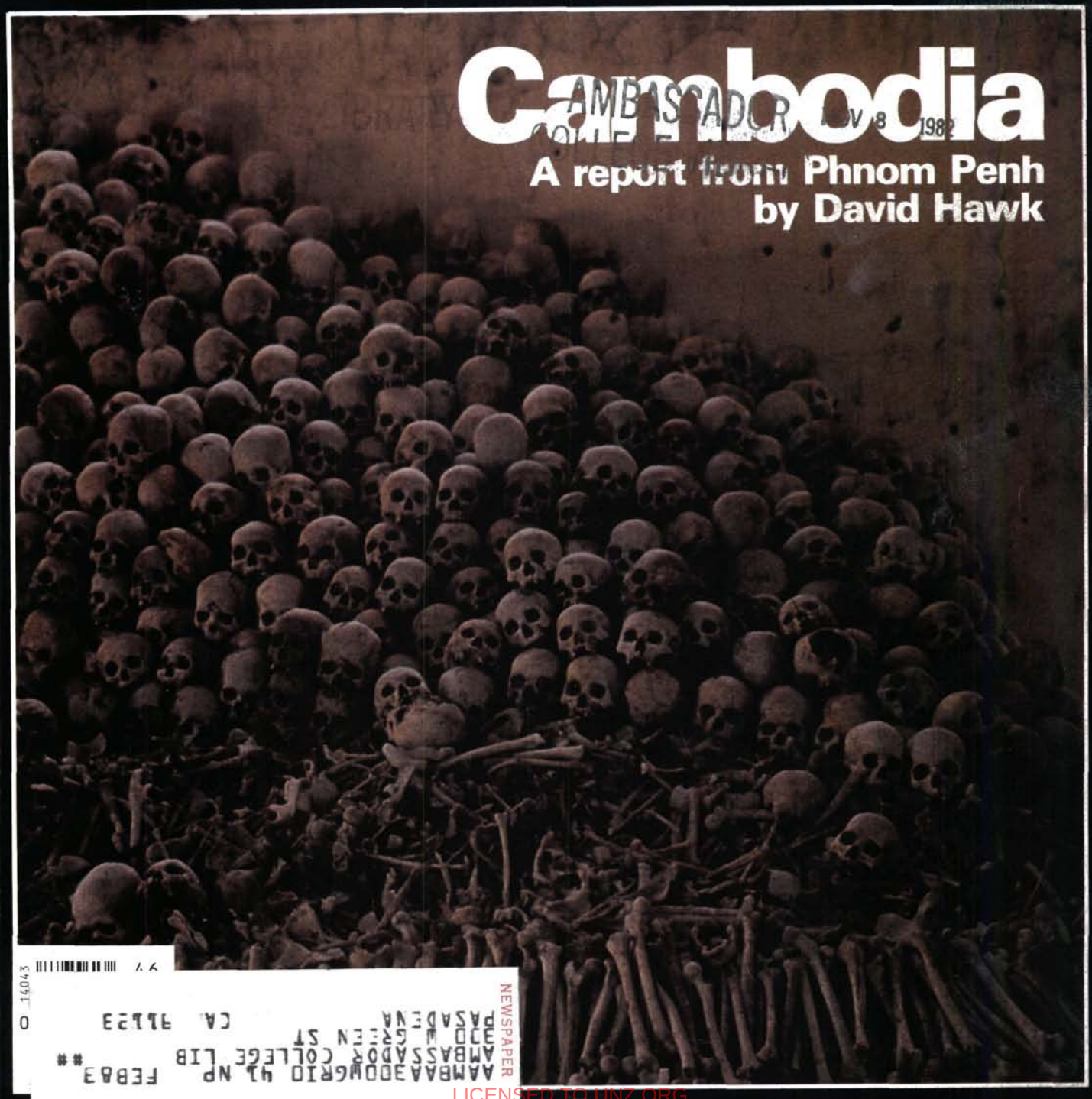
OREAN'S
UMB DEALS

Protectionist Flim-Flam, by Michael Kinsley

Robert B. Reich • 'Cats' is a Dog • Stanislaw Baranczak

THE NEW REPUBLIC



Cambodia

A report from Phnom Penh by David Hawk

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WORDS THAT HURT

To the editors:
So Robert Sherrill ("Sounding Brass," TNR, October 25) calls author Perry Deane Young "a queer" as "retaliation" for Young's use of "that barbarous word 'gay.' " I note Mr. Sherrill also uses the word "fag"—massive retaliation, I guess.

Actually, "gay" has an interesting etymology and is a respectable adjective for people who are "homosexual." Indeed, "homosexual" is a neologism coined by psychiatrists for uses that may genuinely be characterized as barbarous. But I doubt whether Mr. Sherrill cares about that. What really bothers people like him is that the increasing acceptance of "gay" has undermined their ability to label the objects of their prejudice.

MICHAEL H. MORRIS
Mountain View, California

To the editors:
Whether Mr. Sherrill is "queer" or not, his perspective on issues of concern to those of us in TNR's audience who are neither straight nor barbarous is disturbing at best. Straight or gay, I would assume that your contributors share a common respect for civil rights, a common revulsion at those who would seek to deprive any American of his civil rights, and a common realization that there are, indeed, a lot of folks out there who are eager to deprive any number of their fellow citizens of their civil rights.

We in the gay community (if Mr. Sherrill can pardon the expression) are facing a very real threat, and there is little melodrama involved in acknowledging the fact. Our people are the scapegoat of first and last resort for any of the new right (as well as a few of the old left) who need a quick oratorical pick-me-up. It may not always be practical to dump on women, blacks, or Jews, but it is a sure bet that gays can always be singled out for public degradation: witness the House's vote to forbid the Legal Services Corporation from dealing with anything smacking of gays or gay issues; witness the rising epidemic of violent assaults on gay men and women, and a general lack of enthusiasm on the part of police departments and the courts to bring the criminals involved to justice; witness the refusal of Georgetown University's otherwise liberal president, Father Timothy Healy, to recognize a student government-approved gay organization on campus. As one of Mr. Sherrill's revenge-thirsty Southerners, I could go on, but I don't want to give him the impression that this fag, too, is given to excess.

ROGER K. COBB
Georgetown Gay & Lesbian Alumni
New York, New York

To the editors:
Would you publish a review by one of Robert Sherrill's race-baiting Southern brethren that began "Martin Luther King, a thoughtful and witty writer who also happens to be a nigger (I use that word in retaliation for his using that barbarous word, 'Black')"? One thinks not. It is, therefore, all the more disturbing that you see nothing wrong with Mr. Sherrill beginning an article by calling the author of a book "a queer"—a word patently offensive and, as Mr. Sherrill complacently acknowledges, chosen precisely in hopes that it will hurt.

It is not Mr. Sherrill's linguistic conservatism that is objectionable. Gore Vidal, referring to a weightier writer than Perry Deane Young, notes that "despite John Boswell's attempts to give legitimacy to the word 'gay,' it is still a ridiculous word." Mr. Vidal does not, however, call Boswell a queer, but instead supplies his own word, "homosexualist," for those inclined to same-sex sex.

Perhaps Young and Boswell and others who use the word "gay" to mean "homosexual" (or "homosexualist") have overstepped the bounds of strict linguistic propriety. But not even a highly developed sensitivity to lexical niceties justifies Mr. Sherrill's rhetorical bullying.

TNR commands a respect out of proportion to its circulation, due to its superior logic, incisive writing, and fiercely maintained humanity. Publishing reviews that engage in name-calling will only damage that hard-won position.

JIM MARKS
Washington, D.C.

The editors reply:
We apologize to our readers.

BASHING BROOKINGS

To the editors:
I was surprised to read the Nicholas von Hoffman column ("Brooking Nonsense," TNR, October 18) concerning the recent Brookings study, *Blacks and the Military*. When Brookings decided to undertake research on blacks in the military, we were aware that it might evoke emotional responses misinterpreting our intentions. We decided to proceed despite this risk, in the belief that the issue merited serious analysis and broad public discussion. Mr. von Hoffman's caricature is a disservice to the authors and to your readers.

BRUCE K. MACLAURY
President, The Brookings Institution
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
Nicholas von Hoffman's diatribe against the Brookings Institution and its study of *Blacks and the Military* is vicious, irresponsible, and misleading. It is unfortunate that THE NEW REPUBLIC chose to publish it.

I watched Martin Binkin struggle with *Blacks and the Military* for several years, struggling particularly to be fair to all sides of the issue, a hallmark of Brookings's studies.

Mr. Binkin's monographs on defense manpower issues are extremely well-respected among that small community of people that pay attention to these issues. His prose may not be as flashy as von Hoffman's, but he takes his subjects a whole lot more seriously. His work makes a positive contribution to the public's knowledge and understanding of key questions affecting the nation's security. And whether Mr. von Hoffman likes it or not, the issue of blacks and the military is an important one for the country. Mr. von Hoffman belongs to that small but energetic class of individuals best described as "fascists of the left"; they may not know much, but their certainty in the possession of truth is unshakeable.

BARRY M. BLECHMAN
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
Thank you for printing Nicholas von Hoffman's "Brooking Nonsense," an essential reminder that well-educated and well-to-do people are not less racist and classist (and sexist, I might add) than everyday people. They simply have more sophisticated and better articulated rationalizations.

PHYLLIS PALMER
The George Washington University
Washington, D.C.

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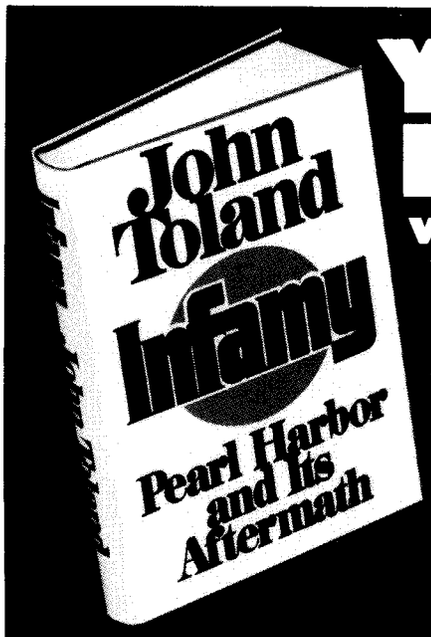

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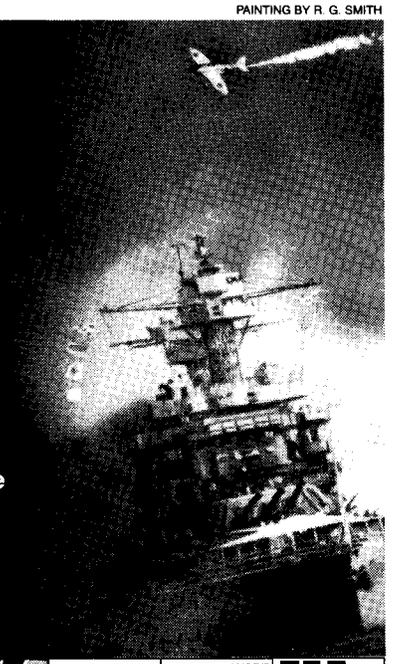

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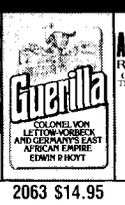

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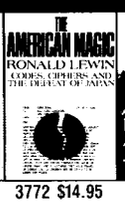

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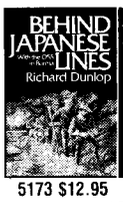

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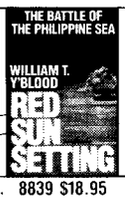

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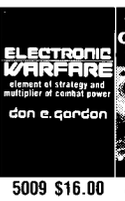

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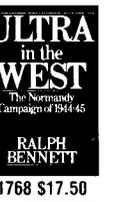

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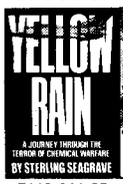

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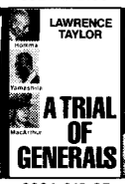

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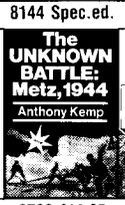

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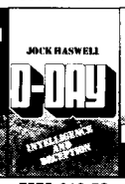

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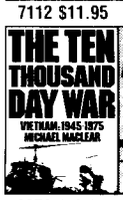

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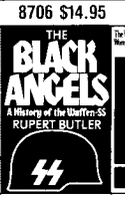

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FROM WASHINGTON

Two Election Years

Fifty years ago another election was about over. It was the one that would give us Franklin Roosevelt and change America. Campaigning was different then. It was done by special train; there was no air conditioning, and generally the loudspeakers didn't work. I was taken back through the lurching train to the "Pioneer" at the end, an ordinary private car like thirty-seven others that the Pullman Company rented out to anyone for $75 a day, plus "commissary supplies," including food and flowers, and a railroad charge equal to eighteen fares for hauling it. Total cost for the car to the West Coast—around $3,000.

I met a big, confident, smiling man sitting in a comfortable chair. From time to time he would wave out the window as the train slowed down, and when it stopped he would appear on the rear platform, leaning on his son Jimmy's arm. It was my first discovery that the man who would be four times President couldn't stand or walk without braces. He took long, unnatural, steps; and when he mounted the speaker's platform, supported on either side, it never failed to bring a startled hush to the audience. This would end with a sudden burst of applause when he got to the lectern. I never heard it given to anyone else. It was a salute to his gay, indomitable courage. He would respond with a grin and a characteristic toss of his head, and then a cheery wave when he got his hand free.

I had been covering Hoover since war's end and liked him. I wasn't sure about this governor of New York (in my notes he was always "Roosevelt," never "FDR"). I distrusted his charm. The stock market had crashed from 387.17 (the peak on September 3, 1929) to a Depression low of 41.22 by July 8, 1932, a drop of 89 percent in less than three years. On "Black Thursday" the ticker fell five hours behind. Unemployment was one-in-four. Even to a youngster like me, it was evident that Hoover had a terrible delivery. They snubbed him. He didn't even get to throw out the ball at the World Series; the photographers took so long the game started without him. He dropped the ball awkwardly in his pocket. Poor chap. He was a good man who did his best and saw laissez-faire government collapse under him. His inspiring words fell flat; he couldn't sound a bugle call. On March 7, 1930, he said, "All the evidences indicate that the worse effects of the crash upon unemployment will have passed during the next sixty days."

On October 23, just before the election, he told reporters, "If there is a deficit this year, it will be due to the Democratic members of Congress." He wanted supporters to stay the course.

Now let's jump ahead fifty years to another election: President Reagan versus the Democrats in 1982. The pivotal issue in 1932 was Hoover's economic policy, and in 1982 it is Ronald Reagan's. Hoover clung to a theory long since abandoned in Europe, that the state shouldn't interfere in business and shouldn't make itself responsible for social welfare.

Reagan brought a brand new theory to Washington, an economic theory, I believe, about as radical in its way as Hoover's. It was supply-side economics. He believed that if you cut taxes enough under certain conditions, the tax cut would pay for itself. It would be painless. The nation rejected poor drab Carter (humiliated by the imprisonment of the hostages), and in 1980 picked the Great Simplifier. Reagan offered one of the most startling ideologies the nation has embraced. He would cut taxes, raise defense costs, and balance the budget all at once. George Bush called it "voodoo economics." Reagan got it through a complacent Congress: the largest across-the-board tax cut in history (a three-year, 30 percent reduction, later cut to 25 percent) with benefits to the rich; a defense commitment to the largest military build-up in history (amounting ultimately to a proposed 7 percent a year, after inflation, on a defense budget of around $222 billion); and a rather vague pledge to reduce other federal expenditures (no mean task since after the military, Social Security, and interest on the national debt, there is only 20 percent of the budget left to play with).

Affable Ronald Reagan was pleased. It looked fine. "The current recession will be over by mid-year," declared Murray Weidenbaum, his chief economic adviser. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan said the economy would come "roaring back" in the spring. An essential element of this plan was that the Federal Reserve Board restrict the quantity of money flowing through the nation's economic system (with the implied understanding that this would mean a minor recession and unemployment).

Now come the deficit figures. For the fiscal year ending September 30, the deficit is a record $110.7 billion. Interest payment on the national debt simultaneously rose 22.8 percent to $117.4 billion. The recession sent up welfare costs and reduced federal income. (A handy figure to remember was cited by Walter Mondale the other day: each 1 percent increase in unemployment sends up federal costs $5 billion.)

Reagan has modified his views on supply-side economics, but seems as keen as ever on the hike in defense expenditures. The returning Congress will have no choice but to look into the matter. The federal deficit in the next few years could exceed 5 percent of the gross national product (as against a more recent 2 percent). This would send interest rates soaring again. Our problem is to extricate ourselves. The economy is still not growing fast enough to pull us out of the recession.

So that's where we are now. The stock market is going through anxious gyrations bespeaking uncertainty. (If interest rates are reduced, won't inflation return?) Out in the wide world, international credit is dangerously strained, and the U.S. isn't helping matters by telling Allies it's fine for us to export grain to Russia, but it's bad for them to aid in building the Siberian gas pipeline.

Ah well, the country has gone through worse strains than this, and though the Great Simplifier in the White House may not be any great shakes in economics, he is nevertheless hard for most people to hate. Yet I sometimes think on dreary nights about that insouciant figure in the Oval Office, with the quizzical glance and the cocked cigarette holder, fifty years ago.

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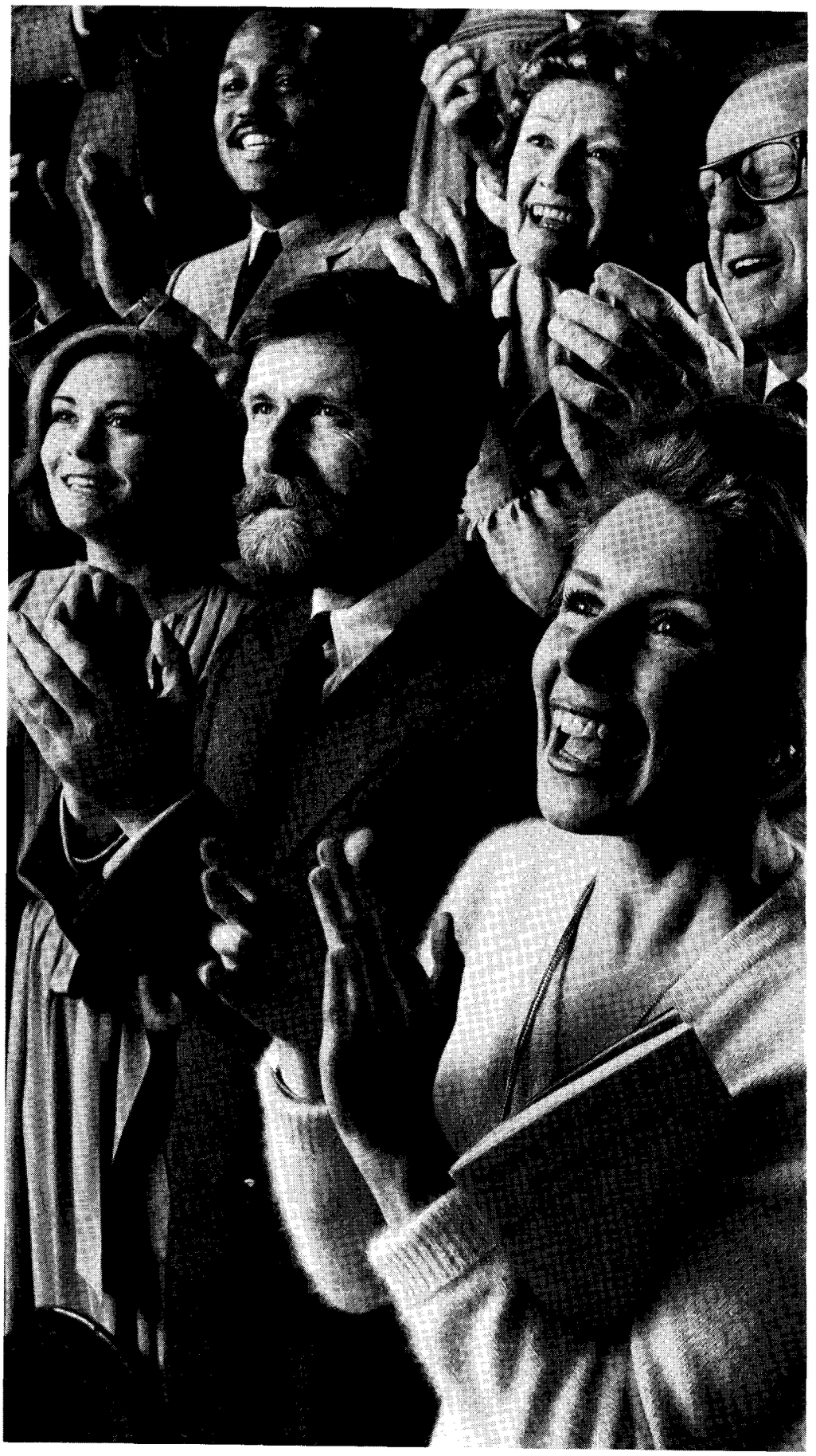

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
NOVEMBER 15, 1982

HALFWAY TO A BILLION

In a free society, elections are supposed to test the competing candidates' visions, their approaches to vital issues, and their qualifications for holding office. In this free society, elections increasingly are becoming first a test of the candidates' ability to raise huge amounts of money and then of their ability to spend it on slick thirty-second television commercials. The kind of money being raised and spent on campaigns nowadays is little short of obscene. In the New York governor's race, Republican Lewis Lehrman probably will spend $10 million, almost all of it from his own pocket. (Democrat Mario Cuomo will spend less than half as much.) In California, Democrat Jerry Brown and Republican Pete Wilson are heading toward $6 million each in their race for the U.S. Senate, and Democrat Mark Dayton will spend a similar sum in the much smaller state of Minnesota. Representative Tom Lantos of California is setting this year's House record of $1.3 million (vs. $500,000 for his Republican opponent, Bill Royer). In Massachusetts, Democrat Barney Frank and Republican Margaret Heckler are expected to spend $1.2 million and $600,000, respectively. In Texas, Reaganite Democrat Phil Gramm has passed $800,000, and he has no opponent!

Individual races define the lavish extremes to which campaigners can go to buy or hold an office. Total expenditures and the average cost of campaigning are even more disturbing. According to a study by the American Enterprise Institute, in 1974 general election candidates for the House and Senate spent a total of $72 million to get nominated and then run in November. In 1980 the figure was $186 million, outstripping inflation by roughly three to one. Across the country, the average expenditure for House candidates was $54,000 in 1974 and $157,000 in 1980. For Senate finalists, it was $437,500 in 1974 and $1,075,000 in 1980. All these numbers do not include the amounts of money spent by primary contestants who lost. When their spending is figured in, something like $240 million was spent on House and Senate races in 1980. Common Cause director Fred Wertheimer estimates that this year Congressional races will cost more than $300 million, and when governorships are added in, Campaign '82 will top half a billion dollars.

The post-Watergate period was supposed to have been a period of reform, in which the political power of money was to have been diminished. There have been reforms. Thanks to disclosure requirements, we now at least *know* how much boodle is being passed at election time. There are limits to the amount that any individual, party, or committee may give to a candidate for federal office. There used to be limits on the amount that a candidate could spend on his own behalf, but that was struck down by the Supreme Court as a violation of the First Amendment—with the result that very rich candidates have a distinct advantage. Millionaires currently comprise one-third of the U.S. Senate.

A reform that has stuck—and is now virtually unchallenged, except on details—is public financing of Presidential campaigns, passed in 1974. The public financing law imposes limits on fundraising and fund-spending, and these have held down costs. In 1972 George McGovern spent $41.9 million against Richard Nixon's $62 million, and in 1980, President Carter spent $55 million as compared to Ronald Reagan's $65 million. There has been nothing like the explosion of costs for House and Senate seats and governorships.

There are problems with the Presidential funding reforms that Congress ought to correct before 1984. The $1,000 individual giving limit for Presidential primary contenders ought to be raised—at least to $5,000, and maybe much higher. As matters now stand, a candidate who loses the Iowa caucuses and the New Hampshire primary is out of the race—because he can't whip up enthusiasm among hundreds of givers—even though only a tiny fraction of the country's electorate has spoken. A Howard Baker or a Jerry Brown ought to be able to tap a hundred friends for $5,000 each or fifty for $10,000 in order to carry on. Disclosure makes sure we will know who they are. One other problem is the difficulty faced by third-party candidates, who collect

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public matching funds *after* they have shown they can attract votes, not beforehand, when they need it. And there is the problem of independent expenditures—the court-endorsed right of self-appointed committees to buy ads to support the candidate of their choice, and to trash the opponent. NCPAC has given independent committees a bad name, but a solution needs to be found for them—possibly by allowing the opposing candidate to have free or cut-rate air time for rebuttal.

The real problem with campaign spending reform is that it didn't go far enough. Congress in its wisdom decided in 1974 that public financing was good for Presidents, but not for members of Congress. Actually, the Senate passed a public finance bill that year, but the House rejected it, 228 to 181, largely because incumbents feared that public funding could only help challengers. Congress did pass limits on individual, PAC, and party contributions—$1,000, $5,000, and $50,000 per candidate—but that reform spawned a monster: the proliferation of PACs. Each of these organizations is allowed to give $5,000 to a candidate's primary campaign and another $5,000 to his general election campaign, and the number of such organizations has exploded. In 1974 there were 608; now there are more than 3,000. In 1974 they gave Congressional candidates $8.5 million; this year it probably will be $80 million.

THE TRULY PERNICIOUS effect of PACs is that with campaign costs skyrocketing, candidates become dependent upon them—and the PACs are not simply giving money to support good government and free elections. At best, they are rewarding legislative friends and punishing enemies; at worst, they are buying votes on upcoming legislation. Oil company PACs (of which there are more than one hundred) are not likely to aid legislators who favor windfall profits taxes. Labor PACs (of which there are 350, giving $20 million, compared to 1,500 industry PACs, giving $30 million) are not likely to help legislators who fight auto import quotas.

How can we reform the system? Common Cause calls for public funding of Congressional campaigns under a matching system similar to that for Presidential primaries. It also favors overall spending limits, limits on candidates' contributions to their own campaigns, outside contribution limits, and special provisions to control PACs. In 1979 the House passed a measure (which the Senate then killed) that would have capped the amount of money a candidate could receive from all PACs together. Common Cause also recommends a provision to discourage candidates from refusing public funds to avoid spending limits. Such a candidate's opponent would have his or her limitations removed and would be provided public funding to equalize expenditures.

We are inclined to support Common Cause's proposals, despite some of the difficulties they pose, out of simple horror that an off-year election should consume $500 million, half of it to enrich owners of television stations who are already guaranteed great wealth just by virtue of having won a federal license. But going the full route to public financing with spending ceilings seems to us a long step—particularly in view of the possibility that unintended consequences may be worse than the evils they are designed to correct. So we would rather reform gradually—by providing minimum start-up funding to Congressional challengers, by limiting the amount of money a candidate can receive from PACs, by reducing the amount that any one PAC can give to a candidate, and by increasing the amount that individuals can give, especially during the start-up period.

Finally, we think it's important to do something about the way money is spent. We do not favor outlawing the thirty-second commercial, which may be a challenger's best way to achieve name recognition. But we do think that in the last few weeks before election day each candidate ought to be held by law to an equal number of such spots. And we favor a requirement that TV stations and networks provide free time to candidates and parties to make five-minute and thirty-minute presentations of their case to the public. In Presidential elections, each major candidate should have at least three free half-hours during the final weeks of the campaign to address the nation. In off-years, the two major parties should have similar opportunities. It's difficult to decree national policies for local stations, but they should be on notice that providing time to candidates will be a factor in FCC license renewals. It's impossible to eliminate the influence of money in political campaigns, but having candidates and parties *talk* to people—instead of just playing jingles and pushing slogans—is one way to make issues, vision, and qualifications the basis for election decisions that they are supposed to be.

NOTEBOOK

□ ACCORDING TO THE National Center for Health Statistics, in 1979 the nation's death rate dropped to its lowest level: only 1,913,841 people died. In 1980 the rate rose slightly, but in 1981 it fell back to its life-enhancing low. And unemployment rose to 10.1 percent. Get it? The problem is not there are not enough jobs, but that there are too many people. A flu epidemic might stop this recession. The Republicans, in any case, cannot be blamed for the way of all flesh. God proposes, the President disposes. And disposes, and disposes, and disposes.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Evelyn Waugh is a young writer whose first two novels were praised by good critics and neglected by the public at large. He is often confused with his older brother Alec, the industrious author of fifteen books in which it is hard to find either salt or substance; Evelyn has both. His favorite

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theme is the Bright Young People of 1927-28, children of King Edward's Best People, inheritors of wartime frenzy without the sobering hardships of war: they rush from parties at Lady Metroland's to parties in a furnished room over a chemist's—everywhere parties, absinthe, caviar, checks drawn against nonexistent bank accounts, love affairs with Maharajahs and Negro singers—everywhere music and international glitter, a life enjoyed because 'it's all too too utterly bogus.' Evelyn Waugh describes this side of English society in a fashion that makes Aldous Huxley seem evangelical and the Sidwells pedantic." (Review by Malcolm Cowley of *Decline and Fall*, November 16, 1932.)

Free enterprise *à l'anglaise.*

COKE, CARS, & CAPITAL

THE STUNNING revelation of the DeLorean affair is not just the cocaine. It's the co-venture. The British government, hopelessly (and rightly) insecure about its own competence at entrepreneurship, proved even less competent at character judgment. And as the details of the DeLorean Company's collapse poured out, it became clear that the British were played for suckers.

John Zachary DeLorean got the British government to put up $160 million in grants, loans, and loan guarantees. DeLorean himself put up less than $1 million. Yet he managed to retain total personal control of the new venture and 84 percent of the stock of the American parent company. In 1978, when DeLorean arrived and offered, touchingly, to put his factory in Belfast (Belfast!), the British were dazzled. If British Leyland can't build sports cars anymore, a demoralized Whitehall reasoned, perhaps this tall, splendid Yank can teach us some know-how.

The DeLorean fiasco is a paradigm of "government-business partnerships," Anglo-American style. The government puts up most of the capital and takes the losses, if any; the private entrepreneur, so-called, puts up most of the expertise and gets the profits, if any. Socialize the risk, privatize the gain: most of our housing programs, our urban economic development schemes, and our "private" nuclear power industry, to say nothing of our defense production, operate in much the same way.

But even the British government, had it decided simply to put $160 million in public capital into establishing some useful enterprise in Belfast, ought to have been able to come up with a more plausible export product than a $29,000, stainless steel, gull-winged, gas-guzzling sports car, and a more accountable company to manufacture it. Ah, but how could a government possibly know better than the market—personified, in this case, by John DeLorean? Here, the French have something to teach us—not the Mitterrand French, but the Gaullist French.

In the 1950s President de Gaulle decided to modernize the Paris Metro. He realized that this assured market for subway technology could, at the same time, capitalize a new export industry. The result was Sofretu, the Société Française d'Études et des Réalisations de Transports Urbains, a state-owned company that now leads the world in the design and export of subway systems and subway cars. Virtually every country that wants to build or modernize a subway system calls in the French. American customers this year have included San Francisco's BART and New York's MTA. French exports of subway cars earned $109 million last year, and design fees alone will exceed $40 million in 1982.

Another French public enterprise success story is the Airbus, the first foreign-built commercial jetliner to challenge Boeing's supremacy. While U.S. manufacturers were competing with each other to develop ever larger wide-bodied jets, the entrepreneurs at Airbus Industrie (an international consortium led by France's state-owned Aerospatiale) noticed a big market hole for a successor to Boeing's aging 727. Today Airbus's A-310 has a two-year lead on the competition, the long-awaited Boeing 757.

This is not to say that public enterprise is always best—only that it beats the kind of deal that John DeLorean sold to the feckless British. Public enterprise can sometimes produce lemons, as the British know all too well, but spurious private ventures funded by public money can produce DeLoreans. "The market," after all, is an abstraction. Real markets are made up of real entrepreneurs, real financiers, and real customers. DeLorean guessed disastrously wrong about the market for luxury cars, and the British guessed disastrously wrong about DeLorean. The French experience suggests that government often does better by taking the direct approach, and that public sector entrepreneurial competence is both possible and desirable.

FRENCH PLANNING, like Japanese planning, often uses government's role as purchaser—of jetliners, subway cars, electronic equipment, etc.—to guarantee infant markets and to capitalize new technologies for export. The French tend to use public companies for the actual production; the Japanese prefer to leave production to private firms. But both have a substantial and well-justified faith in public planning.

Americans know nothing of this approach, although we do have a huge, unacknowledged counterpart. The Pentagon, as a buyer, has immense influence over what American industry produces, how industrial research and development dollars are spent, and how designers and engineers spend their time. (See "Hi-Tech Warfare," by Robert B. Reich, TNR, November 1). Unfortunately, Pentagon-style planning produces fewer and fewer technologies that have useful civilian applica-

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tions. The only export industry it promotes is the arms race. Like that of the French, our unique planning system gave birth to a new, advanced rail technology of its own. It was called the MX.

John DeLorean's arrest on charges of dealing cocaine is a matter not only of human interest, but also of business interest. His arrangement with the British was bound to leave him a desperate man. The gull-wing fantasy has ended in jail, which shows that government can occasionally do something competently after all. Perhaps this snort of scandal will help clear out Westminster's passages.

BOB KUTTNER

Bob Kuttner is editor of *Working Papers.*

Forget the quotas. Trade is good for us.

PROTECTIONIST PARANOIA

PRESIDENT REAGAN told a cheering campaign rally on October 20 that his Administration would provide $1.5 billion in credit subsidies to spur food exports. The next day he told another cheering crowd that his Administration had negotiated a "voluntary" quota on European steel entering this country, necessitated by the nefarious foreign practice of subsidizing steel exports. By "voluntarily" agreeing to this quota, the Europeans avoided a steel tariff that Reagan's Administration was planning to impose at 5 p.m. that very day. Reagan much prefers voluntary agreements because he is a free trader.

Walter Mondale also believes in free trade. On the other hand, "I'm not a sucker." Mondale doesn't want American kids to spend their lives "sweeping up around Japanese computers and . . . serving McDonald's hamburgers." The solution, he's been telling union conventions, is to "get tough, and I mean *really tough*—with nations that use our markets but deny us their markets." He says, "Today, to sell an American car in Japan you need the United States Army behind you." Mondale doesn't actually propose sending in the GIs to force the buggers to buy Buicks. He just wants to keep their cars out until they shape up. Ted Kennedy agrees. "We must insist that other nations stop dumping their products at subsidized prices and driving American companies out of business." And Senator Donald Riegle, who has asserted that "this ruthless trade invasion by the Japanese" will lead to "a permanent lowering of the U.S. standard of living," revealed in the official Democratic reply to Reagan's October economic address that "Democrats want fair trade" in order to "put millions of people back to work."

This "ruthless" "using" of American markets, this "dumping," this "invasion"—what does it consist of? It consists of selling us products we wish to buy at prices we wish to pay. Quotas, tariffs, and other trade barriers amount to denying us what we wish to buy, or making us pay more for it. Keep that in mind. Mondale talks, and Reagan acts, as if "free trade" were some beautiful ideal, like "peace"—something to endorse and pray for, but nothing of any practical value, nothing worth counting on in this world of sinners. That's why Reagan thinks "voluntary" trade restraints are better than imposed restraints, even though they have exactly the same effect. And that's why the Democratic Presidential contenders want to respond to foreign trade restraints by imposing restraints of our own, even though such restraints are at least as costly to us as they are to the nations they're directed at.

It is unattractive to see Democrats appealing so stridently to sentiments that are xenophobic if not worse. Did you know that the Canadians sell us two-thirds as many cars and trucks as the Japanese do? But somehow Canadians don't seem to stimulate the same paranoid fantasies. In fact, imports are a minor cause of American unemployment compared to the recession, which is worldwide (including Japan). In the automobile industry, for example, imports increased their market share 11 percent since 1978, which is bad, but total car sales of any sort have dropped by a third, which is worse. And even where foreigners have made inroads into our markets or kept us out of their own, more often than not the reason is an undeniable trade advantage—such as cheaper labor, or a fair-and-square superior marketing job. Very few American workers have lost their jobs because of *unfair* foreign trade practices, and it is demagogic for Mondale and company to suggest otherwise.

THE WAY to justify protectionism in the name of free trade is to say that all you're really after is "reciprocity." Thirty Senators have co-sponsored a bill to achieve this ideal, the "Reciprocal Trade and Investment Act." They include Democratic Presidential contenders John Glenn, Gary Hart, and Ernest Hollings. "Reciprocity" means you're only imposing your trade restriction as a way to get the other guy to drop his. It's a bargaining chip—like the MX missile. But like needless expensive weapons, trade restrictions built for the alleged purpose of being dismantled somehow never are. They are more likely to set off a competitive arms race of newer and ever more elaborate trade barriers, like the race that seems to be going on right now.

Free trade is not well understood. It does not mean that the Japanese sell cars to us and we sell cars to them, or that ships carrying European steel to America and ships carrying American steel to Europe should pass each other in mid-Atlantic. As Adam Smith and David Ricardo explained two hundred years ago, the point of free trade is that all nations will be better off if each one

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specializes in producing goods where it has a "comparative advantage." It's not trade restrictions that are keeping the Japanese from buying large numbers of American cars. They don't want our cars. But there's no reason to despair. They'll buy something else from us; that's the only thing those dollars they've been accumulating are good for (or if they don't, we've got the Sonys and Toyotas for free). Mondale told the United Auto Workers that the Japanese really want to buy American baseball bats, but are being prevented from doing so by their government. Could be. So should we restrict imports of their cars until they let in our baseball bats, in the name of "reciprocity"? The auto workers like this idea. But will they be prepared to relent on autos when the Japanese relent on baseball bats? As a political issue, "reciprocity" is a fake because the industries harmed by foreign countries' restrictions are not the ones that benefit from —and lobby for—our "reciprocal" restrictions. Let's face it, auto workers could care less about baseball bats.

THE MAJOR PIECE of protectionist legislation before Congress makes no pretense of being temporary or reciprocal. This is the "domestic content" bill that would require any automaker selling cars in the U.S. to produce a certain percentage of them here—up to 90 percent of those selling over 500,000 units a year. Walter Mondale said recently of domestic content legislation, "That's not free trade. That's not fair trade. That's not international competition. That is politics and protectionism. . . ." He was speaking, however, of domestic content laws in other countries. He presumably supports the American bill, not being "a sucker." Senators Kennedy, Glenn, Hollings, and Alan Cranston are all cosponsors. Kennedy said to the U.A.W., "We will take whatever steps we must to see that Americans in the 1980s and 1990s will be driving American cars built by American workers." Nothing reciprocal there.

In introducing the domestic content bill, Senator Wendell Ford, Democrat of Kentucky, explained, "It is only fair that foreign automobile companies create auto production and jobs in the United States since they enjoy a high volume of sales in this country." This piece of reasoning, of course, like Kennedy's remark, repudiates the very idea of trade between nations. If sales in a foreign nation impose an obligation to create jobs there, in the same industry, American farmers had better prepare to plant wheat in Russia, and so forth. "American citizens are increasingly frustrated with the current trade imbalance with Japan due to automobile imports," says Mr. Ford. They are? Who or what is forcing American citizens to buy Japanese automobiles? I don't see the Japanese Army hereabouts.

But in a time of high unemployment, why should American workers lose jobs to foreign imports even if they win our market fair and square? Won't competition with low-paid foreign workers inevitably reduce our own standard of living? Won't increased foreign trade destroy jobs and make some people permanently unemployable?

The fear of losing jobs to foreign trade is like the fear of losing jobs to technological advance—and the protectionists, like the Luddites, have always been proved wrong. Both kinds of progress can cause tremendous dislocations, even tragedy, in particular industries, and it is surely a duty for the society that benefits generally to help ease the burden. But increased free trade, like technological progress, leads to a more efficient economy that benefits the whole society, and creates more jobs than it destroys. The political problem is that the cost of free trade is concentrated on identifiable groups that lose their jobs or suffer lower pay, whereas the cost of protectionism, although larger, is diffused and hidden—in higher prices for protected goods and new jobs that never materialize. That's why demagogy on this issue is so tempting.

But it's dangerous. Every step into the protectionist maze makes it harder to get out. The Europeans subsidize their steel to compete with cheap output from the third world. So President Reagan protects the American steel industry from cheap European production. That's nice for steelworkers, not so nice for auto workers. More expensive steel means more expensive American cars, and another edge for foreign imports. So we protect cars. Pending more drastic measures, we're now in our second year of "voluntary" quotas on Japanese auto imports. In the first year of that one, car sales in general went down but European car sales in America shot up. Senator Reigle points out that, as part of their wily plot to lower our standard of living, "Japanese auto companies have been shipping more luxury cars here so that their U.S. profits have increased at an even higher rate than their unit sales." The reason is that we have limited them to a set number of unit sales; naturally they are concentrating on the pricier numbers.

"DURING THE LAST twenty years," Mondale said in yet another recent speech, "Germany's share of world trade increased by more than a third, Japan's share more than doubled. And meanwhile, America's share declined. . . . This is a disturbing trend." No it isn't. World trade is not a game. Other countries' prosperity is not bad for us. It's good for us. It means they can supply us with products better or cheaper than we can produce ourselves, and they can buy products that we make for them. Naturally, as world trade grows, America's share of it declines. In absolute terms, and as a share of our own GNP, American foreign trade has grown enormously. That's why alarm about the share of imports in any particular industry is also misplaced. As foreign trade increases, foreigners increase their share of individual American markets, just as American products increase their share of markets—usually different markets—abroad.

We have been slower and dumber than other industrial nations about seizing foreign sales opportunities,

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and our trade balance shows it. Thus the call for an "industrial policy" to guide American capitalism in the new world market that is now boilerplate among Democratic Presidential contenders. Kennedy wants it. Mondale wants it. Glenn and Hart want it. Ernest Hollings even calls the front group for his quixotic Presidential bid "The Committee for a Competitive America." Mondale calls his "The Committee for the Future of America," which sounds very forward-looking. Yet the first concrete industrial policy to capture the fancy of all these gentlemen is about as backward-looking and uncompetitive as you can get: old-fashioned protectionism.

At a time of worldwide recession, trade barrier one-upmanship is especially dangerous. The collapse of world trade half a century ago, as nations tried to protect their home markets, helped lead to a self-feeding contraction of the world economy that produced the Great Depression. President Reagan may be intent on living out the Hoover analogy, but the Democrats ought to know better.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

The post-Ho Chi Minh purge.

NOW, SOVIETNAM

AT THE FIFTH CONGRESS of the Vietnamese Communist Party, which met in Hanoi seventeen months ago, the usual triumphant camaraderie was noticeably absent. Instead, the congress revealed a historic split in the Party's ruling circle. Reports coming out of Vietnam since then indicate that for the first time the Politburo itself has undergone a major purge, in which more than one-third of its members lost their positions.

Among the victims are Le Thanh Nghi, former chairman of the State Planning Committee; Nguyen Duy Trinh, who was minister of foreign affairs for almost twenty-five years; and Nguyen Van Linh, Party representative to the National Liberation Front during the war years. These men had been seen as moderates within the small group that rules Vietnam, and their downfall should be viewed as foreshadowing a further hardening in Vietnamese domestic and foreign policies.

By far the most significant and surprising expulsion, however, was that of General Vo Nguyen Giap. Giap, one of Ho Chi Minh's closest associates, achieved worldwide prominence for his decisive victory over the French at Dien Bien Phu and for his direction of the war effort against the Americans. Widely regarded as a master military theoretician, General Giap was also considered the voice of restraint within the inner Party. He is said to have opposed the rapid unification of the country in 1976, favoring instead a gradual absorption of the South that would disrupt industrial and agricultural production far less.

Replacing such seemingly entrenched proponents of relative moderation are Party officials whose common bond is personal loyalty to Le Duc Tho. Among the new faces are Nguyen Co Thach, Tho's chief assistant during the Paris Peace Talks, and Nguyen Duc Tam, who is virtually unknown in the West and is hardly more visible inside Vietnam. Tam's primary qualification seems to be that he is Le Duc Tho's cousin. Tam thus joins two Tho brothers who are already members of the Central Committee: Nguyen Duc Thuan, secretary general of the labor unions, and Mai Chi Tho, mayor of Ho Chi Minh City and chief of security forces for South Vietnam.

The Politburo appointments unequivocally confirm Le Duc Tho's consolidation of power and the triumph of the pro-Soviet faction led by Tho and Le Duan, the Party secretary general. This momentous redistribution of power can be seen only as a further deterioration of Ho Chi Minh's political legacy. Throughout his career, Ho was known for what amounted almost to an obsession with Party unity. One of his best-known slogans was "Guarding Party unity is like guarding the irises of one's own eyes." The outer show, at least, of strength and singleness of purpose was essential, he felt, in maintaining Vietnam's precarious balance between China and the Soviet Union. Given the antagonism between his two allies, Ho believed that an inclination toward either side could undermine Vietnam's independence and lock it into a patron-client relationship. In effect, the Hanoi leadership has now committed Vietnam to precisely the position Ho so persistently opposed. As Hoang Van Hoang (another of Ho's early associates and a former Politburo member, now living in China) put it: "Vietnam has become totally dependent on the Soviets and will do everything they require."

THE REARRANGEMENT of Hanoi's political apparatus is one indication of the price Vietnam paid for its military victory, and continues to pay for its economic survival. Another is the introduction of several bizarre internal financial stratagems to raise money for the staggering debt owed the Soviet Union for wartime aid. More than $4 billion has been provided through confiscations and fees attendant on the expulsion of the country's ethnic Chinese and the extension of refugee privileges to native Vietnamese. Billions more are expected from a program of indentured servitude that has been likened by many Vietnamese to Stalin's forced labor levies and by others to the African-American slave trade. This program, already under way, has earmarked half a million Vietnamese workers (chiefly undesirable political elements and men past military age) for construction projects in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. The bulk of their "salaries" will go toward satisfying the Russian debt.

Even such ingenious financial innovations, however,

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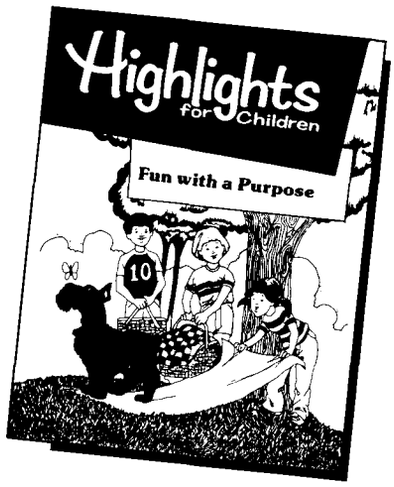

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can barely produce enough revenue to support Vietnam's growing obligations. Current Soviet aid is estimated at between $3 million and $6 million a day, a substantial portion of which services the old debt. Referring to this desperate makeshift, Prime Minister Pham Van Dong declared in a Cabinet speech that it was "like drinking poisoned water to keep from dying of thirst. But we have no choice."

Despite assistance of this magnitude, agricultural and industrial performance has been so disastrous that acute shortages of goods and food are prevalent throughout the country (once a major rice exporter), with cases of starvation being reported in Ho Chi Minh City by recent refugees. To judge from statistics on the decline of productivity, and from recent published statements in the Party press, civilian and especially Party morale is more depressed than it was during the bleakest moments of the anti-American struggle. Thai reports of increasing numbers of Vietnamese Army deserters suggest comparable problems in the military as well.

UNDER THESE circumstances, Vietnamese requests for even more Soviet support and further concessions to its ally are likely. With Tho and Le Duan in undisputed political control of the country, the groundwork for just such enhancement of Soviet wardship has been prepared. Regardless of Western efforts to press Vietnam toward greater neutrality, Hanoi's foreign policy will now even more determinedly reflect its role as proxy for Soviet geopolitical moves, a role Vietnamese Party leaders are no longer bothering to conceal. The Soviets also can be expected to continue actively implementing the secret military codicils to the 1979 U.S.S.R.-Vietnam treaty that granted Russian armed forces free access to the coast and river systems of Vietnam and to the bases at Cam Ranh and Danang. Utilizing these bases, Soviet naval power already dominates the South China Sea, thus endangering Chinese, Japanese, and American interests in that region.

In William Shawcross's September 1981 interview in *The New York Review of Books* with Bui Tin, deputy director of the *People's Army Daily News*, Tin told Shawcross that Soviet Army instructors are in Vietnam and that Vietnamese troops are sent to the Soviet Union for advanced training. Nguyen Quan, a Vietnamese officer recently captured by the Thais, confirmed Tin's statements, testifying to the presence of Soviet military and political advisers in each Vietnamese battalion. In the Shawcross interview, Tin also maintained that "a strong Vietnam is good for Soviet strategy," which is "to help develop revolutionary movements in Southeast Asia and throughout the world." He confirmed too that Vietnam has been distributing some of the vast stockpile of weapons left behind by the United States to the revolutionary movement in El Salvador, and argued that such aid was only fair, in light of U.S. assistance to the government.

For some time Hanoi has been training Laotians and Cambodians, as well as Thais and Malaysians, at the Hoa Binh College for Nationalities for infiltration into their own countries in the future. At Nguyen Ai Quoc Political Institute, Vietnam's graduate school for Party leaders, inside sources report serious discussions of establishing a Socialist Federation of Southeast Asia in the 1990s, an event that would fulfill China's worst fears by presenting it with a militant and unified second front in its ongoing conflict with the Soviet Union. Such developments show a contemporary Vietnamese leadership that in a large sense has betrayed the goals that Ho Chi Minh initiated and fought for in three separate anti-colonial wars. Ho began and ended his career in the struggle to free Vietnam of foreign economic and political exploitation. It is one of history's ironies that he succeeded brilliantly against Japanese, French, and American enemies only to have his successors fall prey to the predatory designs of an ally.

As so often happens in Communist countries, the emergence of new policies is accompanied by the downgrading or "reinterpretation" of the leader whose policies have been superseded. Hoang Van Hoan, speaking from exile in China, has convicted present-day Party leaders of correcting Ho's words to serve their own very different objectives. This old-guard revolutionary has pointed out the distortions of history and deletions from *Ho's Selected Writings* that have accompanied Vietnam's indenture to the Soviets.

There is a perception common inside Vietnam today that the Communist government is reenacting with the Soviets the very sins that Saigon committed with the Americans. One hears again in Ho Chi Minh City the slogans that formerly enlivened the Vietnamese antiwar movement. Only now the diatribes against "foreign imperialists" and "imperialist lackeys" are directed at Moscow and Hanoi. A joke is making the rounds in Vietnam these days: Ho Chi Minh has disappeared from his mausoleum in Hanoi and is finally found sitting forlornly on a dock in Saigon's Ben Nghe harbor. Asked why he is there, the father of modern Vietnam replies, "Forty years ago I left from here to find a way to save Vietnam. Once more I am trying to leave on the same mission. But I don't have four ounces of gold for a seat on the boat." The point is especially bitter to those Vietnamese who fought for decades to free themselves from foreign domination. The U.S. antiwar movement might well have played a different role too had anyone foreseen that the war would bring defeat to Ho's vision of an independent Vietnam just as surely as it did to the United States, and that only the Soviet Union would reap the Southeast Asian harvest.

Doan Van Toai And David Chanoff

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Was it genocide? A report on Pol Pot's brutalities.

THE KILLING OF CAMBODIA

BY DAVID HAWK

FROM THE MIDDLE of 1975 to the end of 1978, between one million and three million Cambodians, out of a population of about seven million, died at the hands of Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge. Former government employees, army personnel, and "intellectuals" were executed in the hundreds of thousands. Others were killed by disease, exhaustion, and malnutrition during forced urban evacuations, migrations, and compulsory labor. Families were broken apart and communal living established; men and women were compelled to marry partners selected by the state. Education and religious practices were proscribed. These facts and others about Pol Pot's brutal reign are well known. Yet the destruction wrought by Pol Pot—overshadowed by the Cambodian famine and refugee crisis of 1979–1981, and the political conflict that followed the ouster of the Khmer Rouge by the Vietnamese and Heng Samrin's dissident Khmer Rouge faction—has received scant attention. Except among relief and refugee workers and a handful of scholars and journalists, there has been remarkably little reaction to what was one of the most violent and massive human rights violations of the twentieth century.

PRISONER PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FILES AT TUOL SLENG

Why is this so? Cambodia was a mere "sideshow" to Vietnam, and after the war few in the West, particularly in the U.S., wanted to be reminded of Indochina's troubles. The atrocity stories coming out of Cambodia after 1975 quite simply were not believed. Few at the time could imagine that the intended victims of the brutal bombing campaigns would turn out to be far more indiscriminate executioners than the American B-52s.

Moreover, evidence about Pol Pot's brutalities was, and continues to be, shrouded in polemic and rationalization. An early theory was that the evacuation of Phnom Penh was necessary to avert starvation, and that it was sound agricultural policy to turn doctors, students, tradespeople, and city folk into peasant farmers. Then followed the convoluted notion that the early atrocity reports were Thai and American propaganda, magnified by biased news media to prove the "bloodbath theory" (mass murder would follow Communist victory in Indochina) propounded by apologists for U.S. policies in Vietnam. A corollary to this argument was that the accounts of Cambodian refugees (unlike, for example, those of Salvadoran, Chilean, or Soviet émigrés) were unreliable and exaggerated. After the Khmer Rouge were ousted by the Vietnamese, their human rights violations were seen as regrettable mistakes. Now, when questions of bloodbaths and genocide are raised, they are deflected as legitimizing Vietnamese expansionism.

The most informative and reliable surveys of the human toll in Cambodia can be found in the 1975–1976 refugee accounts gathered by the governments of Australia, Canada, Great Britain, Norway, the United States,

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David Hawk, a human rights activist and former anti-Vietnam War leader, was U.S. executive director of Amnesty International from 1974 to 1978. In 1980 and 1981 he was based in Thailand as director of the Khmer Program for the World Conference on Religion and Peace. The photographs accompanying this article were taken by the author.

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and two human rights organizations, Amnesty International and the International Commission of Jurists. These materials were submitted to the U.N. Human Rights Commission in 1978. Based on these materials, the chairman of the U.N.'s Subcommission, an official body of human rights experts, prepared a report that concluded that the Cambodian situation was "the most serious that had occurred anywhere in the world since Nazism," and was "nothing less than autogenocide." But the Commission, caught up in the geopolitical realignments that accompanied Vietnam's ouster of Pol Pot, disregarded the Subcommission's report.

Subsequently the Vietnamese Mission to the U.N. submitted the conclusions of a 1979 tribunal held in Phnom Penh. This too has been largely ignored, and the most important part of the proceedings—reportedly over nine hundred pages of personal testimony that corroborates and elaborates upon the early refugee accounts—is virtually impossible to obtain. The problem of Cambodian self-determination has almost entirely superseded the problem of Cambodian genocide. Now the Human Rights Commission is treated to the ironic spectacle of human rights complaints filed by the Khmer Rouge who, when in power, promised to make "mincemeat" of the "imperialist" maneuvers at the Commission.

Propaganda charges and countercharges at the U.N. make it hard to decipher the real issues, and cynical politicization skews the debates. The Soviet bloc, which was not much interested in U.N. consideration of the Cambodian horror when it was going on, has now discovered how bloody it all was. Some of the Western democracies that spoke out before have fallen silent for fear of giving comfort to Vietnam's ally, the Soviet Union. It all serves to obscure the central failure of the international community's response to the Cambodian tragedy: although enough information reached the outside world about the terrible human destruction while it was going on, it failed to believe and failed to act. The United Nations has "risen above principle" and ducked the issue.

DURING a recent trip to Cambodia, my second since Pol Pot's ouster, I was able to see the results of his rule. A year earlier—in the spring of 1981—I had been to Phnom Penh and to Cambodia's southeast provinces in the course of relief and refugee work. My talks with new refugees and Khmers who had come to the Thai border for food had made it clear that the 1975–1976 refugee accounts had not been exaggerated. From my previous work in human rights, dealing with issues and problems of political imprisonment and torture, I was aware of standards of documentation for human rights violations. On my return from that first trip—after conferring with Cambodia and Indochina scholars, legal experts, and other human rights specialists about ways to investigate what happened in Cambodia between 1975 and 1978—I applied to the press office in Phnom Penh to visit Cambodia again for further investigations.

I stayed for three weeks. I saw the prison-extermination centers, mass graves, and destroyed Buddhist pagodas that the Pol Pot regime had left in its wake. I listened to the agonized stories of survivors, and saw the hurt, confusion, and bewilderment still in their faces. To see and hear these things is to understand that what happened in Pol Pot's Cambodia was not the all-too-common "consistent pattern of gross violations of internationally recognized human rights." It was something more akin to Stalin's Russia or Hitler's Germany.

THERE ARE MANY WAYS to assemble the evidence. One can visit and photograph the mass graves—fields of sunken, and now emptied, pits where hundreds to thousands of the executed were buried. An unknown number of the mass graves have been opened, originally to count the skulls and multiply by the number of pits to estimate the number of dead at a given site. Now the skulls and bones are being collected and piled into protected enclosures (I saw one that contained eight thousand skulls), where traditional Buddhist funeral rites are performed to allow the deceased spirits a peaceful passage into the afterlife. These wooden enclosures with their racks of bones, if they survive the tropical elements and the passage of time, may turn out to be the only way the terrible witness will be preserved and remembered. Relief workers and foreign observers who saw the graves in the process of disinterment, as did I in 1981 and 1982, were advised to do so early in the morning, before the midday's tropical heat made the stench unbearable. I saw five of these mass grave sites (at Cheng Ek, Tonle Bati, Ta Mon, Siem Reap, and Krang Ta Chan) in four provinces, sometimes in areas so remote that armed escorts were provided (Khmer Rouge guerrillas are trying to make a comeback), and passengers had to help push the cars over gulleys in the dirt roads.

The authorities in Phnom Penh do not have comprehensive information about the major mass grave sites—locations, estimates of the number buried, methods of execution, or the individual identities of victims. But provincial officials, press office translators, and relief workers have collected some of these details. The image of Pol Pot's Cambodia as a vast graveyard is a plausible one. And the mass graves contain those who were executed—not the old, young, and sick who died along the road during the forced evacuations, and not those who died of malnutrition, of preventable or curable sickness, or from forced labor.

It is not surprising that in a third world country with one of the lowest per capita incomes in the world most of the murder was anonymous and without record. Yet Cambodia was not without its bureaucracy of torture and death, its Asian equivalent of Auschwitz. At the Tuol Sleng, or "S21," prison and execution center in Phnom Penh, Khmer Rouge officials kept meticulous records of their murders, which were left behind when the Vietnamese captured the city in 1979. There are

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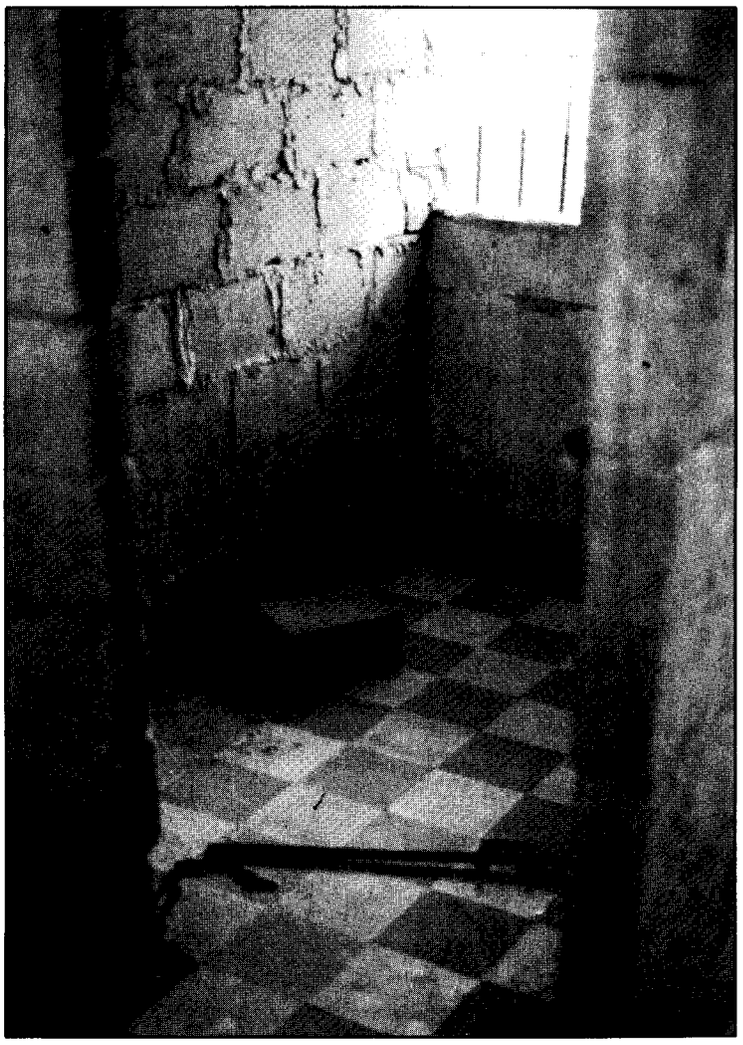
documents on more than fourteen thousand people. Because the materials for June to December 1978 are missing, it is estimated that perhaps fifteen to twenty thousand were exterminated at Tuol Sleng.

"S21" is a former school with four three-story buildings. Some classrooms were used as common cells where forty to one hundred persons were lined up and shackled in leg irons. Others were subdivided into tiny cinderblock cubicles, sixteen or eighteen to a room, where important prisoners or those undergoing interrogation were isolated and shackled to chains cemented into the floor. "S21" held an average of one thousand to fifteen hundred prisoners at a time.



CELL CUBICLE WITH LEG IRONS AT 'S21' PRISON-EXECUTION CENTER

Forty categories of men, women, and children—mostly Khmer Rouge officials and cadre suspected of dissidence, but also including captured foreigners, workers, and intellectuals—were brought to be photographed, interrogated, and tortured into confessing to be agents for the CIA or KGB, naming their contacts, meeting places, and accomplices. They w then executed.

Officials of the successor Cambodian government in Phnom Penh have made the Tuol Sleng prison into a museum of the Cambodian nightmare. One exhibit is a huge wall map of Cambodia constructed of wired-together skulls. But the macabre map seemed superfluous after having seen the torture implements and victims' photographs and having walked through the interrogation rooms and cells.

The former prison rooms on the upper floor of the central building now house the nearly one hundred thousand pages of handwritten prisoners' confessions, summaries of the confessions typed by the Khmer Rouge prison officials for forwarding to Party higher-ups, typed execution schedules, and mug-shot photographs. Phnom Penh officials have given scholars access to these documents. Eventually translations and analyses may afford at least a glimpse into the pathology of the Khmer Rouge. Cambodians come to search among the thousands of photographs for missing relatives.

To look at the file folders containing prisoners' photographs and the piles of confessions overflowing the shelves and stacked on the floor is to be overwhelmed by the incomprehensible: the archives of death for a barely literate peasant society that was run by Paris-educated ideologues who had abolished schooling and prohibited reading and writing. One Tuol Sleng survivor told me of the yearly stages of improvement in the identification tags used to photograph the incoming prisoners.

The international human rights laws and institutions that were established after World War II to guard against such large-scale massacres have failed in some fundamental ways, and ironically, it is the most egregious violations that they are least able to do anything about.

The lawyers and diplomats who drafted the 1948 U.N. Genocide Convention provided a flawed but necessary definition of the term "genocide" when they sought to make "this odious scourge" a criminal act under international law. Ninety nation-states, by ratifying or acceding to the treaty, have agreed that an act that caused death or "serious bodily or mental harm," or that inflicted conditions calculated to bring about the destruction "in whole or in part" of a national, ethnic, racial, or religious group would be an act of genocide.

The Genocide Convention is weak in several ways. Although Americans helped draft the Convention, the U.S. has never ratified it—originally because Senate segregationists blocked it, and later because Presidents who wished to see it ratified had higher priorities in their dealings with the Senate. Thus the U.S. cannot readily take a case of genocide to the U.N. or the World Court. And the final text does not include political or economic groups among those presumably protected against acts of genocide. Obviously a great deal of the Khmer Rouge

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regime's killing was precisely to eliminate its political or "class" enemies. And much of the slaughter would be more accurately defined in international human rights terminology as "extrajudicial execution." But some social groups specifically covered by the Convention were the objects of executions, massacres, and other acts calculated to bring about their destruction. Such was the case regarding at least one major ethnic minority group, the Cham, and the preeminent religious group in Cambodia, the Buddhist monkhood.

The Cham, an Islamic non-Khmer minority group, migrated from the central coastal region of what is now Vietnam between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries and settled in Cambodia. Recognizable by their distinctive dress, religion, and dialect, the Cham lived apart from the Khmer in their own hamlets and communities. Under Pol Pot a policy was instituted to, in effect, "Khmerize" the Cham. Their communities were broken up, community and religious leaders executed, the people dispersed. Islamic practices and the speaking of Arabic or the Cham dialect were rigorously prohibited. According to Mat Ly, an official in the Agriculture Ministry, some of the Cham resisted "Khmerization." In response to this resistance, massacres began.

There are allegations of entire villages being wiped out. It is reported that as many as forty thousand may have been killed from hamlets in the districts of Kang Meas and Kompong Siem in Kompong Cham province. Estimates of the number of Cham before 1975 range from four hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand; a Cambodian census in 1981 showed a Cham population of roughly two hundred thousand. Mat Ly lost his father, his wife, three married children and their spouses, three grandchildren and, he says, unknown numbers of nephews and nieces. Corroborating stories of the destruction of the Cham are available from 1975–1976 refugee accounts, post-1979 refugee accounts, testimony presented at the 1979 Phnom Penh tribunal, and survivors in Cambodia and in refugee settlements interviewed by scholars and journalists.

LESS IS KNOWN about the Khmer Rouge's treatment of other ethnic minorities. But extrapolations based on 1980 interviews with ethnic Chinese conducted in the refugee camps by a leading American Cambodia scholar would indicate that perhaps as many as half of the urban ethnic Chinese died during the Pol Pot years. Ethnic Thais from the southwestern and western provinces of Cambodia also speak of harsh treatment. A Khmer Buddhist monk, formerly of Seim Reap province, told me that the ethnic Indians there were taken away for execution. Even less is known about the fate of the Shan (Burmese) minority in the Palin area or how the hill tribe (Khmer Leou) fared. Some ethnic Vietnamese remained in Cambodia during the Lon Nol and Pol Pot regimes. Given the Khmer Rouge's effort to purge Cambodia of Cambodians considered insufficiently hostile to Vietnam, it is reasonable to assume that the remaining ethnic Vietnamese were subjected to massacre. At Tura-Kur village in Pursat province, I encountered a middle-aged Cambodian peasant, Heng Chan, who was running a roadside tea stall. His wife had been of Vietnamese descent. He told me that the Khmer Rouge had killed not only her, but five of their sons, three of their daughters, three of their grandchildren, and sixteen other members of his wife's family.

THE DESTRUCTION of the Buddhist monkhood is another clear-cut case of a genocidal act. The Khmer Rouge had a general animus against religion. The Catholic cathedral in Phnom Penh, apparently a symbol of French colonialism and Vietnamese colonization, was removed stone by stone from its former site on Monivong Avenue. Protestant churches and Moslem mosques were destroyed or converted into warehouses. But the antireligious animus fell most heavily on Buddhism. Before 1975 Buddhism was the established state religion. For centuries it was the main source of learning and transmitter of culture. It had been the focus of life in the villages, where most Cambodians lived until the U.S. bombing and the Lon Nol-Khmer Rouge war drove people to the cities in the early 1970s. Like Roman Catholicism in Poland, Buddhism to a large extent represented Cambodia's tradition, culture, and identity.

According to a surviving monk, during the struggle against Lon Nol, at least in his area, the Khmer Rouge respected the monks and the Buddha. Many of the "country monks," he said, had been sympathetic to the Khmer Rouge, in part because of its alliance with Prince Sihanouk and because these monks "were not very familiar with Communist doctrine." But once in power the ultra-revolutionaries prevailed, and the Khmer Rouge began to desecrate and destroy Buddhist books, statues, and holy objects. Worship, prayer, and meditation were prohibited, as were Pali and Sanskrit, the languages of Khmer Buddhist scripture.

Buddhist temples too were destroyed or converted into warehouses or workshops. One surviving monk made a list for me of the temples destroyed in his former district of Prey Veng province: Kok Sandek, Vihear Thom, Tangkok, Wat Thmei. . . . After listing nine such places, he stopped, sighed, and wrote, "etc." I saw many ruined temples along the roads of Cambodia—places with quaint names such as "Temple of the Satisfied Crocodile" and "Temple of the Three Tamarind Trees."

The Khmer Rouge policy toward Buddhism was one of the most brutal and thoroughgoing suppressions of religion in modern history. The monkhood was disrobed, disbanded, and destroyed. Of an estimated pre-1975 population of forty thousand to sixty thousand monks, only eight hundred to one thousand survived and returned to their former monastery sites, where bamboo and thatch temples now rise on the foundations of the destroyed brick-and-tile temples that once were as much a fixture of the Cambodian landscape as coconut palms. Conversations with surviving monks inside

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Cambodia and in the refugee camps reveal regional variations but tell the same basic story: some of the most venerated monks were taken away for execution; others died of malnutrition, sickness, and exhaustion; others were forced to marry; and many others were sent to their native villages or elsewhere, and their fate is unknown.

How extensive were the abuses perpetrated by Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge? The demographers and Khmer scholars need to develop the statistics more precisely, but according to the most sophisticated study currently available, *Kampuchea: A Demographic Disaster*, by the CIA's National Foreign Assessment Center, there was an absolute or gross population decline of 1.2 million to 1.8 million Cambodians during the three-and-one-half years under Pol Pot. Inasmuch as there were births during these years, the number of deaths would be higher. And Cambodia scholars now believe that the death toll for 1978—an unusually bloody year even by Khmer Rouge standards—was substantially higher than the CIA assumed.

CHENG EK MASS GRAVE SITE, WHERE 8,000 BODIES WERE DISCOVERED

Whether or not human destruction of this magnitude—one-seventh to one-third of the Cambodian population—fits the Genocide Convention's provisional definition of the partial destruction of a "national group" is something lawyers can consider. But as one legal expert noted, "this type of murder is precisely the type of crime the Convention was intended to prevent." There is no language in the Convention to preclude responsibility because the destruction was carried out by a nation's leaders against its own people.

Most important, the will and means must be sought to deter recurring outbursts of political massacre. It may not matter so much what the human destruction in Cambodia is called, so long as it does not continue to be overlooked by the international community. Yet the Genocide Convention remains particularly relevant to Cambodia, because, unlike Uganda, for example, Cambodia—and specifically the "Democratic Kampuchea" regime of Pol Pot—is a Contracting Party to the Genocide Convention. And the Genocide Convention, based on the revulsion against Nazi genocide and on the Nuremburg experience, is unlike subsequent international human rights treaties in that it introduces the notion, if not the means, of punishing those responsible for the crime, "whether they are constitutionally responsible rulers, public officials, or private individuals." Yet Democratic Kampuchea remains the internationally recognized government of Cambodia, and Ieng Sary, usually considered number-two man in the Khmer Rouge, represents Cambodia in the U.N., while his brother-in-law, Pol Pot, remains the presumed head of the again-clandestine Khmer Rouge Communist Party and the public commander of its guerrilla army.

Considerable interest and energy go into trying to hold various countries to the human rights provisions of their executive agreements and legally binding treaties. Why should the application of international law, as limited as it is, be suspended regarding Cambodia? What precedent does this set for tomorrow's Pol Pots and Idi Amins? Genocides and other kinds of large-scale political murder more often than not happen in distant lands, away from the TV cameras, to globally unimportant peoples whose suffering is quickly forgotten in the vagaries of international politics. This was a major and severe problem of the world in the 1970s and, most likely, will continue to be in the 1980s: in addition to Cambodia and Uganda there have been East Timor, East Pakistan, Paraguay, Rwanda, Burundi, Guatemala, and more. The murders are in the millions. But now, for Cambodia, it remains to be explained how the issue of self-determination can be justly resolved without first confronting the reality of the Khmer Rouge genocide.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Powers That Be

Last month I met the gifted Hungarian director Károly Makk, who was in New York because the Film Festival showed his latest film. *Another Way* deals with two lesbians in the troubled days of 1956, and, whatever else may be said of it, it's beautifully acted. The two women were played by Poles, and I asked Makk why, fine though these Polish actresses were, he had not cast this picture about Budapest troubles with Hungarian actresses. He replied that he wanted people who knew political danger firsthand. Conditions are relatively calm in Hungary now; in Poland, as the world knows, they are not. He wanted two young women who could bring to these roles, not recreations of an atmosphere they could not themselves have known but immediate knowledge of political crisis.

The more I thought about Makk's reply, the more it seemed to dovetail, basically, with Werner Herzog's insistence on spending years in the Peruvian hinterlands to make *Fitzcarraldo*. Widely different as the instances are in scale, the impulses behind them are much the same. Makk wanted verity of background brought into his fiction; Herzog wanted verity of place and ordeal brought into his fiction.

Are these impulses naive? I'm aware that many of the most wonderful experiences I've had in film came from actors who, in their personal lives, had nothing to do with the characters they were portraying. I'm aware that many of the most thrilling spectacles I've seen were artifices contrived by technical ingenuity. "You see films like *Star Wars* and whatever and there are always tricks," Herzog said in a recent interview. "The audience has lost a basic faith in that they don't believe their eyes. I would like to get people to trust their eyes again." Leaving the *Star Wars* sort of film out of it—who would expect even Herzog to make such a film in outer space?—I think his remark, as edict, is hogwash.

Still, there *is* a power in films that has been there from the beginning, used from the beginning (I'm speaking only of fiction films), that Makk and Herzog are employing. To simplify, let's call it the Third Power. Power One: the film can use realism in ways that had not previously been possible, even though the realism is achieved in studio circumstances. Power Two: the film can use imaginative devices—devices that play with time and place and substantiality—in ways that had not previously been possible. But there is also Power Three: reality. The film can use reality (as opposed to fabricated realism) so intense that it goes past verisimilitude into a territory of the imagination. D. W. Griffith refined and extended the vocabulary of film, and he did much of his pioneering in studios, with artificial light and canvas walls. But he also recognized the Third Power. He shot the blizzard scenes of *Way Down East* in an actual snowstorm, so fierce that, says Lillian Gish in her autobiography, "a small fire burned directly beneath the camera to keep the oil from freezing." He shot the ice scenes on White River, Vermont, with Gish lying on an ice floe, one hand trailing in the water. "My hair froze," says Gish, "and I felt as if my hand were in a flame. To this day, it aches if I am out in the cold for very long." No one would contend that these sequences could not possibly have been done otherwise, but anyone who has seen the film can understand why Griffith wanted to make them as he did.

Is Power Three literalism? Does it contradict Powers One and Two? I think not. King Vidor, one of the sturdiest American directors, told a story about his early career that is now part of film lore: he wanted to take a company out on location to get the right background for a sequence, and the producer, budget-conscious, said that a tree was a tree and Vidor could shoot the scene in the Los Angeles city park. But Power Three, Vidor apparently felt, would see *through* the trees in the park, would be searching for the right trees. Those directors who want to use this power—and almost no director has ever wanted to use it continuously—are not looking for greater realism: the difference, I believe, goes past the idea of realism, to a belief that the camera can penetrate, can find essences. Leave out of the discussion the location work that's essential because the scene couldn't credibly be done any other way (like the first shot in *Stagecoach* of the coach rolling out of the town into immensity). Consider only those shots and sequences that *could* conceivably be done otherwise. Some directors believe that the camera's ability to go to actual places carries with it the ability to move beneath surfaces to distillation.

With Makk, mutatis mutandis, the same idea prevailed. He knows what actors can do and how he can help them to do it. (One instance. Lili Darvas, in his exquisite film *Love*, was magnificent as an Austrian-born, very old, bedridden invalid, though she herself was none of these things.) But in *Another Way* he wanted the camera to go beneath his actors' art to what had helped to shape their art, because—*in this instance*—he felt that those pressures would support the performances that he wanted.

It's no help to argue against Power Three on the ground that films are illusion. All art is illusion; and in the film art,

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Burden of Dreams. A generally fascinating documentary on the making of *Fitzcarraldo*. Possibly the first time that a feature and a film about it were in release together. (See *Fitzcarraldo* first.)

Céleste. Lovely German film about Marcel Proust and the housekeeper of his last years. Well made by Percy Adlon, delicately played by Jürgen Arndt and Eva Mattes.

Fitzcarraldo. Werner Herzog's wildly romantic saga about an Irish adventurer in Peru, c. 1910. Energy and passion, epitomized in Klaus Kinski's burning performance.

Love Child. Women's prison. Trite setting and minor characters, but exciting strength from Amy Madigan as a girl fighting for self and her child conceived in jail.

SK

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every director, Griffith and Herzog and Makk and everyone else, has been aware of that commonplace. The question is: At what point do they want the illusion to begin? I have considerable interest in acting as a high and complex art, and I've often objected to pointless literalism. Nevertheless (therefore?) I don't want to proscribe—in my own mind anyway—any truly artistic options that are open to film. The visionary psychologist-philosopher Hugo Münsterberg wrote in *The Film* (1916): "In every respect the film is further away from physical reality than the drama, and in every respect this greater distance from the physical world brings it nearer to the mental world." All of us would shudder if Power Three were to become the iron law of the film universe. But the Griffith-Makk-Herzog belief cannot be dismissed as mere literalism. It's quite the reverse. Fundamentally, it's a quasi-metaphysical belief in the camera's power to reveal one more kind of truth.

'EISENSTEIN AT WORK' by Jay Leyda and Zina Voynow is just published by Pantheon Books/The Museum of Modern Art (cloth $30; paperbound $15.95). Leyda was a student, assistant, and friend of Eisenstein and the first translator of his mentor's books into English; among his other scholarly achievements, Leyda is one of the world's outstanding authorities on the great director. Voynow, who is Eisenstein's sister-in-law, is a filmmaker. Their book is 162 large, double-columned pages brimming with photographs, including production stills, and with Eisenstein's deft sketches for camera angles, costumes, compositions, montages, along with photographs and sketches for his theater productions, early and late. Much of this illustrative material I've never seen before. It is supported by Leyda's text, chronologies, excerpts from Eisenstein's journals, and his copious notes in several languages, translated when not in English. (In one of the holograph letters to Leyda that are reproduced, Eisenstein inquires about the reception of *Alexander Nevsky* in American magazines, among them TNR.)

This bountiful collage conveys a feeling of flow and overflow that a biographer's narrative alone could not as easily suggest, so the book is a valuable supplement to the lives by Marie Seton and Yon Barna. But something else is conveyed, too. Of all the film projects that teemed in Eisenstein's fertile mind, he was allowed to finish six. His life and work were harassed by the commissars, and one virtually completed film, *Bezhin Meadow*, was apparently destroyed by his government. This book, crammed with insights and energy and enterprise, ultimately defines an irony so great that it becomes tragedy: an artist of revolution, inspired and empowered by that revolution, was constricted and, in effect, killed by that revolution. The world has known for centuries that revolutions devour their children. This book vividly depicts the initial happiness, then the obstinate courage, of one such child who happened to be a genius.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

This 'Money-got, Mechanic Age'

The theater has long been recognized as the last bastion of British imperialism, but if two recent imports to this colony are at all typical, even that outpost may be about to fall. *Cats*, the new Andrew Lloyd Webber musical at the Winter Garden, surely represents some kind of end product; British theater skills have hitherto been essentially verbal and technical, but they have never been so totally mechanical. This spectacle could have been manufactured by Disneyworld, using autodynamation instead of actors; I perceived no sign of flesh-and-blood behavior beneath the glitter and flash.

Cats
text by T. S. Eliot
music by Andrew Lloyd Webber

Good
by C. P. Taylor

I confess to being a dog man myself, and I've never been too captivated by the whimsy of T. S. Eliot's *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* on which the musical is loudly based. But the problem lies not in the original material so much as in the failure of the adapters to honor its modest values. With the help of talent, imagination, and a little taste, *Cats* could have been effective as a small cabaret piece; instead, it has been inflated into a four-million-dollar extravaganza with a relentlessly brassy score and a superfluous visual strategy that virtually prohibits any life from trespassing on the scenery.

The chief miscreants, aside from the composer, are the director, Trevor Nunn, and John Napier, his designer, whose collaboration on *Nicholas Nickleby* last season hardly prepared us for this vulgar manufacture. Mr. Nunn has established an enviable record over the years as leader of the Royal Shakespeare Company, though I am reminded of his shaky start at Stratford in the early 1970s when (by contrast with the Brechtian simplicity of Peter Hall's RSC) he also tended to rely heavily on expensive mechanical effects. Possibly influenced by cuts in his British Arts Council grants, his later work became considerably more spartan, but with the generous assistance of his American producers, he seems to have suffered a relapse. *Cats* shows his artistic soul grown fat and scant of breath.

Whatever the case, Mr. Napier's design is a multimillion dollar exercise in junk culture. He has broken through the proscenium for the purpose of turning the entire theater into a huge garbage dump decorated with a wide variety of found objects—boxes of cat chow, high-heel shoes, tennis rackets, paper plates, TV sets, Coke signs, you name it. Seen from the perspective of small felines, everything is naturally outsize, but apart from being unpleasantly garish, the design has the effect of dwarfing any other activity. Clearly, the set is intended to be the star of this show (Napier admits as much by including his signature onstage in the form of a license plate bearing the inscription NAP 2), and it is always being encouraged to perform, particularly during the overture when thousands of cats' eyes strobe in the darkness and a mammoth lighting fixture rises to the ceiling, and at the climax when Old Deuteronomy ascends to heaven on an enormous tire which flashes leikos through fog effects like the chandelier-like spaceship in Spielberg's *Close Encounters*. One could

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feel the audience fighting back the impulse to rise, wave, and murmur "Goodbye" through its flooding tears.

In *Nickleby*, Dickens shows us adults incapable of identifying with children; *Cats*, like most of our popular culture, is engineered for adults unable to do much else. But if popular culture tends to sentimentalize childhood, this musical is not even very faithful to cats. For all the tails and whiskers and fur, few of the performers have actually bothered to study feline behavior, so that the acting reinforces the impression that despite all the money and effort expended on exterior artifacts, little attention has been paid to the cat beneath the skin. Kenneth Ard gives a strong frenetic energy to Macavity, the Mystery Cat, but Rum Tum Tugger, the Curious Cat, becomes a simpering Mick Jagger and Ken Page plays Old Deuteronomy, the phophet cat, like a parody of Peter Ustinov (already a parody) twinkling and squinting in *Logan's Run*. There is one extended vaudeville pirate number called "Growltiger's Last Stand," which has some charm as a Christmas pantomime, and "Memory," a romanticized, overplugged, lyrical adaptation of Eliot's "Rhapsody on a Windy Night," is well and throatily sung by Betty Buckley as Grizabella. But the Radio City Rockette choreography, the manic direction, and the derivative music bury whatever subtleties or delicacies there are in Eliot's light verse under visual and aural rubble.

There are those who say that, were Eliot alive, he might have enjoyed what these people have done to his work; I think he would have been appalled. It is possible to speculate that his reaction was anticipated by his Jacobean ancestor, Ben Jonson, who expressed outrage when he found his poetic contributions to the masque being eclipsed by the spectacular scenic intrusions of Inigo Jones. Fearful that the literary "soul" of the work on which they collaborated was being annihilated by its "bodily parts," Jonson launched a savage attack on Jones's "omnipotent design" that could stand for the definitive review of *Cats*:

> Oh shows, shows, mighty shows!
> The eloquence of masques! what need of prose,
> Or verse, or sense, t'express immortal you?...
> Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque.
> Pack with your pedling poetry to the stage,
> This is the money-got, mechanic age.

No less money-got and mechanic, our own age likewise continues to bury poetry and sense beneath the carpentry and the show.

C. P. Taylor's *Good* (Booth) does not suffer from its decor. Ultz's design is actually quite simple, exposing the theater back to its steampipes, and adding only a raked wooden floor and a bank of work lights. The difficulty with this Royal Shakespeare Company presentation, rather, is that it poses an all-too-familiar question and then completely fails to grapple with it.

The question is how generally ordinary and relatively decent people could have participated in or even tolerated Nazism, and I wonder if it needs to be asked again. Hannah Arendt first brought it up in her book on Eichmann; that perfectly normal family man, Rudolph Hess, who was also commandant of Auschwitz, provided some answers in his memoirs; Hochuth's *The Deputy* carried the question to the stage and Styron's *Sophie's Choice* to the novel; it was even mentioned in *Bent*, Martin Sherman's play about homosexual prisoners in the concentration camp. Mr. Taylor writes as if we were totally innocent of any previous work on the subject, as if he had stumbled on it anew.

Taylor (who died soon after this play was produced) wrote *Good*, he said, in response to a deeply felt trauma; but his characters react to atrocities with all the passion of people in lounge chairs discussing the test match scores. It may be that Taylor, an assimilated English Jew, was incapable of imagining absolute evil; or it may be that the language of the educated English upper classes is incapable of expressing outrage. I mean, how hateful can people be when they are identified as "Nahzis." Taylor, at all events, hasn't found much evil in these "Nahzis." Describing the origins of *Good*, he admits it was impossible for him to see "the Third Reich's war on the Jews . . . as simply criminal," especially when he equated these "anti-social activities" (his test match phrase for the Final Solution) with the "Peace Crimes of the West against the Third World—my part in the Auschwitzes we are all perpetrating today." The carelessness of the analogy, not to mention its imprecise language, staggers the mind, but it may explain why Taylor's treatment of the rise of Nazism is so surprisingly mild.

Mr. Taylor traces this development through the character of Halder, an intelligent university professor, and his relationship with Maurice, a German Jew, who watches with amused detachment while his "good" friend becomes an S.S. officer, assisting first in the killing of the aged and the infirm, then in the mayhem of *Kristalnacht*, the burning of the books, and finally in the gas chambers at Auschwitz. Maurice can't seem to work up much indignation over this, not just because he doesn't like Jews much himself, but also because he doesn't seem to take anything very seriously, not even the fact that Halder (for unexplained reasons) won't help him escape to Switzerland. Halder, for his part, doesn't hold any brief for the behavior of Nazis—he explains the excesses of the movement as the problems of a social experiment in its earliest stages—but since Goebbels, Eichmann, and Hitler (wearing a three-piece suit) show up looking like perfectly normal people, as rational and jolly as the other characters, we can appreciate his reasons for regarding Nazi Germany as no more dangerous than a "regime in its childhood." To emphasize further the utter normality of these people and events, a tearoom orchestra sits on stage throughout the action, performing a variety of selections from Wagner, Weill, American jazz, and, finally—the only moment when Halder confronts us as a genuine Nazi—Schubert, as played by a concentration camp band.

Taylor's design is clear but, to my mind, utterly muddleheaded. If we are all capable of participating in such atrocities, then nobody is to blame for them, because when everyone is potentially

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guilty, then no one is guilty. To force his point, Taylor is obliged to treat the most dreadful events in the most casual manner, but when you see people responding to "anti-social behavior" in a reasonable, bemused, and condescending fashion, then you soon realize you are not in Germany but England. Certainly, the RSC cast rarely tries to convince us they have left London, least of all Alan Howard who turns Halder into a myopic scholar from a redbrick university, peering ironically at the world over his glasses—a performance so vocally and physically mannered that he seems to be offering not a demonstration of how good men turn bad, but rather a lecture course in oral interpretation. One leaves the theater comforted by the thought that, because of their detached national character, the English could never have produced Nazism; the question is whether this detachment is helping to understand it.

TRAGIC REPETITIONS

God's Playground: A History of Poland
Volume I: The Origins to 1795
Volume II: 1795 to the Present
by Norman Davies

(Columbia University Press, 1,288 pp., $60 set, $35 per volume)

Imagine a large country in the middle of Europe. Formerly prosperous and independent, now it is only a shabby Russian protectorate. Its economy is in a shambles, its culture decaying; it is ruled by a corrupt oligarchy that takes money and instructions from foreign ambassadors. It seems that nothing can stop the country's drive toward self-destruction.

But all of a sudden a miracle occurs. The people wake up. They want the right to decide their country's future. Represented by a new generation of activists and thinkers, they demand essential democratic and libertarian reforms. And, what is even more miraculous, they succeed in implementing some of them. Progressive Western circles applaud, but the governments are slightly upset by the prospect of a disturbance in Europe's balance of power. The Russian protectors threaten the country with open invasion; the domestic oligarchy is humiliated and furious. Backed by their foreign sponsors, they finally find the only "solution" left to them: they cook up a plot and declare a war against their own people. All previous reforms and democratic laws are abolished; the country is placed under occupation. European governments utter a furtive sigh of relief: order has been restored, the balance of power is intact.

Now the reader, who is probably bored to death by countless reports from today's Poland, may ask: all right, but what's the use of recounting yet again the well-known story of Solidarity? The reader is wrong. I have not summed up the story of 1980-1981 but that of 1791-1793: the story of democratic reforms embodied in the Constitution of the Third of May and their annihilation by a confederacy of Polish magnates backed and financed by Empress Catherine the Great, which in turn led to the Second Partition of Poland.

The embarrassing fact is that history, true to the cliché, does repeat itself. This is particularly true of Poland, where the forces of rational reform and those of blind self-interest have so often clashed. The effects of those clashes were, as a rule, roughly the same: the forces of obscurantism and authoritarian reaction usually won, since they enjoyed powerful outside support. What is even sadder, that support used to come not only directly from the neighboring absolutist (or, in the twentieth century, totalitarian) states and their czars, emperors, führers, and first secretaries. It used to come indirectly as well, as silent approval or indifference from the democratic leaders of the West, primarily interested in preserving what they imagined to be an international balance of power.

God's Playground, the newly published history of Poland by Professor Norman Davies, provides an excellent occasion to recall that sad tradition. This two-volume book is a truly magnificent work, and

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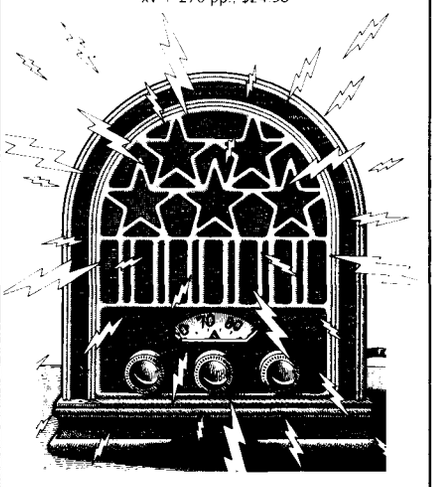

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there is no doubt that it is the best introduction available to the incredible imbroglio of Polish history. I am not thinking only of its scholarly merits and its depth of insight. Nor only of the fact that the book reads extremely well, thanks to the author's vivid style, his wide spectrum of sources (for example, poems and novels that captured the spirit of the times are quoted as often as historical documents), and his good sense of humor (sometimes of a quite unscholarly kind, when he says, for instance, of some king who fathered hundreds of illegitimate children: "Unlike his spermatozoa, most of the political ventures of Augustus the Strong failed to reach their target."). All things considered, this is most likely the first academic history of Poland that, at the same time, is dependable in its scholarship (if we do not count a number of minor inaccuracies, errors, and misspellings that can quite naturally occur in a work 1,300 pages long) and good reading for a nonspecialist.

But this is not the point. What is even more worthy of recognition is that Professor Davies has managed to maintain an equilibrium between understanding and objectivity, sympathy and criticism. Histories of Poland are usually written either by passionate partisans of the "Polish question" or by passionless gatherers of historical data. Both attitudes prove narrow-minded and counterproductive: the former fails to interest anybody who is not Polish, the latter bores everyone who seeks in history something more than a collection of dates, names, and events.

God's Playground steers marvelously past both of these reefs. Professor Davies's deep knowledge of his subject is at the base of his understanding and sympathy; at the same time, not being a Polish scholar, he is able to keep the necessary emotional distance and not allow his sympathy to degenerate into one-sidedness. Moreover, he avoids the dangerous bias that frequently results from the observation that Polish history, as I myself have said, so often repeats itself. Historians of various methodological factions as often as not find this a convincing illustration of some sort of "historical necessity." In their view, everything in the history of Poland leads inevitably to one or another "final" stage by virtue of some historical determinism. What is this determinism based on? Here the answers can differ, but usually "geopolitical" reasons are summoned up—in order to prove completely different hypotheses. It is obvious that Poland has always been squeezed, politically, between superpowers, and culturally between East and West. But this uneasy location can serve to justify quite contrary visions. Poland can be viewed, messianicly, as a country with some global mission to fulfill; and it can be seen, quite oppositely, as a country forever condemned to being politically subjugated and culturally second-rate. Joachim Lelewel, the leading historian of the Polish Romantic period, called Poland "an ambassador to humanity," while at almost exactly the same time Thomas Carlyle preferred to depict it as a "beautifully phosphorescent rot-heap." The twentieth-century metaphors are equally extreme. All have one thing in common: historical determinism. The partisans of the Polish cause maintain that Poland is doomed to endless suffering (because of its neighbors' crimes and the world's indifference), but it is precisely this suffering that gives it the right to be the "Christ of nations." Their opponents, or those who are indifferent, maintain that Poland is doomed to endless suffering (because of its own faults), so all Polish efforts at freedom and independence are futile in any case.

In both positions the awareness of the "geopolitical reasons" and the determinist bias result in the same oversimplification. In fact, the future of a country can never be viewed as being "doomed" to this or that, just as its past can never be fully explained as a logical continuity of whys and wherefores. As Professor Davies rightly points out in his preface, history—and Polish history, despite appearances, is no exception—is always a combination of determinist, individual, and random elements, and is subject to the influence of both external and domestic factors. As a result, in the general historical process "the instances of discontinuity are no less in evidence than the strands of continuity."

PROFESSOR DAVIES draws many practical conclusions from that methodological assumption. He devotes much energy, for instance, to destroying biased generalizations that are hard for any side to buttress with historical evidence. The partisans of the Polish cause tend to depict all their freedom fighters as heroes: Davies shows their many mistakes or misconceptions and occasional foul deeds (for example, the story of Roman Dmowski—the leader of the National Democratic Party in the first decades of this century—and his ruthless guerrilla warfare against his main political rival, Józef Pilsudski). On the other hand, historians and politicians from the opposite camp love to employ certain verbal scarecrows (like "anarchy," "backwardness," "religious intolerance," etc.) in order to prove that Poland somehow "de-

SEALS IN THE INNER HARBOR

Ducks, at first, except they didn't
fly when we rounded the jetty
and swung into the channel,
didn't spread panic among themselves,
peeling the whole flock off the water,
but followed, popping under
and poking up as if to study our faces
for someone, their eyes rounded still
by the first spearing shock of ice,
or amazed to find our white town
here again, backed by a steeple
telling the hours in sea time.
Their skeptical brows seemed from a day
when men said a green Christmas
would fill this harbor with dead
by February. We left them hanging
astern at world's edge, afloat on
summer's afterlife: gray jetty,
water and sky, the one gray vertical
of smoke rising straight from a chimney
across the cove. We could believe
they were men who had dragged
this bottom till its shells were smooth
and round as gift shop wampum,
who never tied up and walked away
a final time, but returned for evenings
like this was going to be, thirsting
for something to fight salt off with,
needing a place to spit and plan
the rescue of children's children.

BRENDAN GALVIN

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served its fate" in the form of the eighteenth-century partitions, the nineteenth-century crushed uprisings, and the present political vassalage. Davies demonstrates how little those opinions were justified when applied to the independent state of Poland-Lithuania that existed before the Partitions. In his view, that system of noble democracy with its elected kings and many enlightened laws had "an air of striking modernity" and could only be compared with the America of Jefferson and Washington.

IN FACT, it is useful to remember that the Polish nobility's ideal of "Golden Freedom" was not identical with anarchy (although it was sometimes abused). It was identified with it for the first time by the absolutist monarchs of Russia, Prussia, and Austria who trampled it, and by progressive philosophers like Voltaire or Diderot who justified that crime in the eyes of Western opinion. It is true that by the end of the eighteenth century Poland was an anachronism compared to the growing absolutist tendencies in the rest of Europe. But while preserving its old democratic spirit, Poland also tried desperately to reform itself—and those reformist efforts heralded the ideals that were to become truly popular in Europe only several decades later, at the time of the Spring of Nations. In short, Poland outpaced the Europe of those days rather than failing to keep pace with it: and that was the reason it had to be destroyed.

From this point of view, so-called "Polish nationalism" is, as Professor Davies carefully explains, only a confusing label. It diminishes and sometimes discredits the cause for which Poles have given their lives for two centuries. This is especially distressing for someone used to the Polish sense of the word "nationalism" which, as opposed to "patriotism," indicates some rather narrow-minded attitude akin to chauvinism. It is true that "nationalism", in this sense has also formed a part of the Polish landscape. Nevertheless, the majority of Poles fought in countless uprisings, insurrections, and wars not only in order to regain national independence. The latter was just one of the visible shapes of something more essential: a life in freedom and dignity. It is not an accident that the mainstream of Polish "nationalism" consisted not so much in opposing Russian or German cultural influences, as in opposing the pressure of their antidemocratic—no matter if imperial, Fascist, or Communist—political systems.

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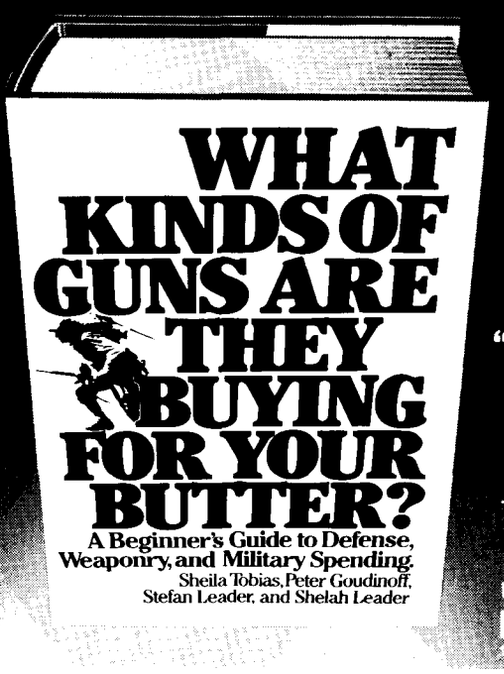
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What could be more natural in that situation than to seek support among Western liberals and democrats? However, it is paradoxical that it was precisely these relationships that brought Poland the most bitter disappointments. Let us quote a few of the famous utterances which Professor Davies has collected. Richard Cobden after the failure of the 1831 uprising: what happened to Poland can "only befall neglected, decayed, disorganised, ignorant, and irreligious societies, and their anarchic governments." Lamartine in 1848: "The Poles are the ferment of Europe. . . . We love Poland . . . but most of all we love France." Aristide Briand after World War I: Poland is "Europe's rheumatism." F.D.R. at the end of World War II: Poland is "the world's headache."

DOESN'T THIS RING a bell? Isn't history repeating itself again? We have heard these same arguments quite recently: in the sixteen months of Solidarity, Poland was, after all, again "the world's headache," as it had been so many times before. And, after the imposition of martial law, again nobody wishes to "*mourir pour Dantzig*," because "most of all we love France" (or Germany, or Italy, or the pipeline deal, or, in general, our own well-being). All the above-quoted opinions have two things in common. First, they state that he who is beaten is guilty of being beaten: he "deserves his fate," he "brought it upon himself," since he did not act submissive (as he should have) but instead anarchically resisted the orderly procedure of beating. Second, they flatly deny any community of interests between the already-beaten and the not-yet-beaten: to defend a victim means to jeopardize one's own safety, so let us hope that the bully will be satisfied with one thrashing, and meanwhile we can send the victim some food parcels.

Poland's history is truly unique in having generated such enormous quantities of hypocrisy. One does not believe one's own eyes when seeing how eager the Western democracies have often been to discredit, condemn, refuse any real help, and finally to sacrifice a country that through the centuries had wholeheartedly supported the Western libertarian and democratic ideals: and moreover, this was a country that had never hesitated to actively defend those principles. All this would be understandable if we were speaking only of governments. For then the international game of survival, however wrongly conceived, is always more relevant than moral issues. What really bothers the average Pole is the attitude of some Western intellectuals. Don't they also believe at times that Poland deserves its present fate? Don't they sometimes say that what began in the Gdańsk shipyards in August 1980 was "irresponsible," because "the Soviets would not have allowed it anyway"? And don't they sometimes behave as if they thought it easier to treat "the world's headache" with some analgesic pill, not so much to cure it as to forget it?

I am—so I hope—not a messianic nationalist. Throughout my literary career I have tried to point out my compatriots' faults rather than to please them. I do not think that the Poles are a "better" nation in any respect, or that they have any special rights. I simply do not understand why they cannot enjoy the same rights as some of the more lucky nations. The fate of Poland should be of concern to the West not because that country has some special merit or out of any abstract compassion: quite the contrary, the West should be concerned with Poland because the victory of democracy in any part of the totalitarian empire is in the best interests of the West. This is what finally matters—not some illusory balance-of-power game.

I recommend Professor Davies's book to anyone wishing to consider this problem in depth and detail. Poland has been "God's playground" for centuries, but the country can be also imagined as a testing ground for history's experiments, where the forces of good and evil today are exceptionally intense. After all, there are not very many places left on earth where the old ideals of liberty, democracy, and human fraternity are still considered worth striving for, where the plagues of our century—terrorism and the organized lie—are rejected as a weapon, where people still value freedom and dignity more than survival. To label this a Polish folly would mean that the West has lost something very essential of its own.

STANISLAW BARANCZAK

Stanislaw Baranczak, a Polish author who came to the U.S. in 1981, is now a professor of Polish literature at Harvard.

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN

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(Basic Books, 283 pp., $19.95)

One of the cruelest ironies of modern economic life is that industrial change is most painful just when it is most needed. A rapidly growing economy can adjust easily to changes in supply, demand, and technology. Workers whose jobs are threatened can find new jobs, and communities whose major industries are failing can attract new industry. But as economic growth slows and a nation's major industries begin to falter, workers and communities face fewer profitable alternatives. Under these circumstances, the process of economic change itself may seriously threaten their future well-being.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that economic declines are often accompanied by political demands to stem the tide, at least temporarily: legislation designed to stop runaway plants; regulations to prohibit the introduction of new technologies; government-financed bailouts; limitations on foreign investment by domestic firms; tariffs, quotas, and informal "understandings" by which foreign firms "voluntarily" hold back their wares, legislation to ensure that goods sold domestically contain a minimum percentage of parts manufactured domestically. These preservation strategies often seem preferable to massive unemployment and the destruction of communities. The irony is that these very strategies retard future economic growth by encumbering the movement of re-

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sources toward more productive uses. They discourage new investment, new businesses, new jobs. They increase the costs of supplies. They dampen innovation. They fuel inflation. Thus they perpetuate, even accelerate, the underlying economic decline.

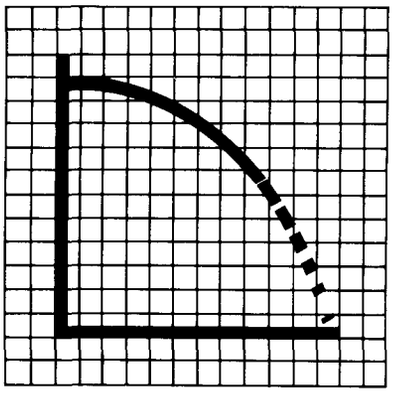
In recent years the United States, along with every other major industrialized nation, has experienced slower economic growth. During the period 1960 to 1973, the annual growth in America's real gross national product per employed person averaged 1.8 percent; between 1974 and 1978, the average annual growth dropped to 0.1 percent. The same sort of decline occurred in Japan, which went from 8.9 percent growth in the first period to 3.2 percent in the second; West Germany, which dropped from 4.7 percent to 3 percent; France, from 4.5 percent to 3 percent; and Britain, from 3.2 percent to 0.8 percent. Since 1978, things have gotten worse all over, culminating in a brutal recession that has thrown some ten million people out of work in Western Europe, displaced even more in the United States, and slowed Japanese growth to a crawl.

The cause of this worldwide decline has variously been attributed to the surges in world oil prices during the 1970s and the gradual depletion of global resources; the end of labor migration from the farm; government policies designed to curb inflation and simultaneously protect public health, safety, and the environment; the growing expense of public welfare in America and Europe. No one really knows for sure. But the political consequence is beyond dispute: calls for industrial preservation are growing louder.

SINCE 1969 the United States steel industry has been protected from competition; it is now demanding even higher levels of protection. So too with American textiles, apparel, footwear, and televisions. For the last year and a half, Japanese automobile manufacturers have "voluntarily" restricted their exports to the United States, and that restriction in all likelihood will be continued and tightened in the years ahead. In the last few months a score of protectionist bills have been introduced in Congress, designed—among other things—to restrict government purchases to goods produced in America, impose reciprocal tariffs or quotas on imports from nations that block American-made products, and require that automobiles sold in the United States contain a substantial amount of American workmanship. American manufacturers, meanwhile, are furiously filing complaints with the government, alleging foreign "dumping" of products in the United States market at prices below their cost of production. At the same time, Western European textile, steel, and automobile manufacturers are obtaining from their governments protection against foreign producers. Even Japan—now the least protective of all major industrialized nations, with an average import duty of just 4 percent—shelters many agricultural commodities and often subjects foreign manufacturers to a maze of red tape. In short, all industrialized nations are responding to the worldwide economic decline by opting for employment over free trade. America is leading the pack.

In *The Deindustrialization of America*, Barry Bluestone and Bennett Harrison document in disturbing detail the human costs of economic decline—the suffering that fuels these political demands for industrial preservation. The consequences of unemployment are pathological. Researchers have found that with every 1 percent increase in the American unemployment rate, 920 more people commit suicide, 650 commit homicide, 500 die from cirrhosis of the liver, heart, and kidney disease, 4,000 are admitted to state mental hospitals, and 3,300 are sent to state prisons. In all, a 1 percent increase in unemployment correlates with 37,000 more deaths, including 20,000 heart attacks. Unemployed workers are also more likely to experience dizziness, rapid heart beat, troubled sleep, back and neck pain, and high blood pressure. They have higher levels of serum glucose, serum pepsinogen, and serum uric acid—all symptoms associated with stress. Yet because most private health insurance is provided through employment, over 70 percent of the unemployed have no health insurance to fall back on.

The financial strain of sudden unemployment takes its toll in other ways as well. Family savings are depleted, mortgages foreclosed, pension benefits lost. (62 percent of the Massachusetts shoe workers displaced by shutdowns during the 1970s lost their accumulated pension benefits.) Even when lucky enough to find new jobs, the unemployed typically must settle for wages substantially below what they earned before. The human costs of shutdowns and closings are multiplied across communities as the regional economic fabric begins to unravel.



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The total unemployment generated by the decline of a major employer is normally two or three times the number of employees directly affected. Entire communities are left high and dry without an adequate tax base, and just at the time when they have greatest need for the extra funds to provide health and welfare services. (Had Chrysler folded, Detroit would have sustained a tax loss of some $75 million.)

THESE HUMAN COSTS elude any neat tally. But it is revealing to see how they ultimately translate into the national accounts. Economists estimate that a 1 percent increase in the nation's unemployment rate, sustained over a year, costs the American economy $68 billion in foregone gross national product, $20 billion in foregone tax revenues, and $13.3 billion in added expense for unemployment benefits, food stamps, and other forms of public aid. In light of these extraordinary figures, and the personal tragedies that lie behind them, arguments for preserving jobs through protecting America's ailing industrial base take on added strength.

But the choice is not solely between trying to preserve an increasingly outmoded industrial base or enduring the staggering costs of unemployment. There is a third choice. That is to shift the nation's industrial base toward the production of higher value-added goods that are more competitive in world markets. To accomplish this shift, workers can be given assistance in retraining and relocating; outmoded infrastructure (roads, bridges, sewers, ports) can be modernized; businesses can be encouraged to divest themselves of their least competitive parts and to reinvest in new, more competitive industries—particularly in regions of potentially high unemployment and underused infrastructure. Government, working hand in hand with management and labor, can ease the transition out of declining industries and into emerging ones. In this way, the nation's industrial evolution can be accelerated rather than stalled.

Other industrialized nations are trying to move down this third path. West Germany and France are both devoting over 2 percent of their yearly gross national product to worker retraining, while simultaneously pouring billions of dollars into restructuring their industries toward more technologically sophisticated production. Japan's elaborate system of indicative planning is seeking to accomplish much the same transformation. Nations like Austria, Sweden, Italy, Canada, and Ireland also recognize the need for radical economic restructuring, but are having more difficulty summoning the resources and fashioning the consensus among business and labor necessary to accomplish it. No nation is succeeding entirely. The current world recession, whose severity is compounded by America's high interest rates, is discouraging new investment the world over. And with rising unemployment, protectionist demands are increasing. But these nations are at least trying to adapt their economies; when the worst of the recession is over, they will be quick to regain their stride. America and Britain, by contrast, remain trapped within a free market ideology that is bringing both economies to their knees, and forcing both nations to choose between protection and unemployment.

IN CAPITALIST ECONOMIES, the ultimate responsibility for shifting a nation's industrial base lies with business leaders, who make day-to-day decisions about how human and capital resources are to be deployed. Even the most carefully designed industrial policies would have little effect in a country whose business leaders lacked the skill, judgment, or commitment necessary to implement the necessary restructuring. And it is here that Bluestone and Harrison take aim. For in their view, it is American business strategies, not public policies, which are to blame for the nation's plight. Put simply, American management has defaulted in its responsibility for maintaining the health of the economy. Rather than invest in restructuring American industry and retraining workers, American managers have forsaken America for quicker profits abroad.

The authors provide abundant evidence of corporate flight. During the 1970s, General Electric expanded its worldwide payroll by 5,000, but did so by adding 30,000 foreign jobs and reducing its United States employment by 25,000. RCA followed the same strategy, cutting its U.S. employment by 14,000 while increasing its foreign work force by 19,000. Ford Motor Company plans to spend more than 40 percent of its capital budget over the next few years outside the United States. General Motors has given up its plans to build a new multimillion dollar plant in Kansas City, Missouri, and instead has shifted its capital spending to Spain. Uniroyal now produces its tires in Brazil, Turkey, Spain, and Australia. Bulova Watch Company now manufactures watch movements in Switzerland and ships them to Pago Pago in American Samoa, where they are assembled and shipped to the United States to be sold. A score of American manufacturers have shifted their operations to Mexico, just south of the border, where they now employ almost 13 percent of the regional labor force. All told, between 1950 and 1980, direct foreign investment by United States businesses increased sixteen times, from about $12 billion to $192 billion. Over the same period, gross private domestic investment grew less than half as rapidly, from $54 billion to about $400 billion.

One by one, America's basic industries are abandoning America. Between mid-1975 and early 1981, twenty-four tire plants shut down in the United States, resulting in 20,000 permanent layoffs. Since the early 1970s, the United States steel industry has been diversifying out of steel at a rapid clip, causing over 120,000 steelworkers to lose their jobs. (In 1980, for example, steel operations accounted for only 11 percent of U.S. Steel's operating income; the rest came from chemicals, manufacturing, transportation, utilities, and resource development.) The same pattern is occurring in the automobile industry. American plants are closing at the same time foreign facilities are being established. By 1979, 94 percent of the profits of Ford Motor Company came from its overseas operations. American banks are joining the stampede: between 1975 and 1979 alone, Citibank increased its loans to Japanese steel companies from about $59 million to over $230 million, Chase Manhattan's loans to Japan went from $58 million to over $240 million, and Chemical Bank's Japanese lending increased from $15 million to $82 million. In 1977 Citicorp derived over 83 percent of its banking profits from overseas operations. The authors estimate that, in total, thirty million American jobs were destroyed during the 1970s as a direct result of plant, store, and office shutdowns. When added to permanent cutbacks and capacity short of complete closure, the number is closer to fifty million.

Bluestone and Harrison provide a convincing and graphic case for why we should be concerned about industrial abandonment in America. Yet their characterization of the underlying problem, and their prescription for what we should do about it, both seem strangely limited,

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as if they were viewing the issue through the wrong end of a telescope. After amassing an extraordinary amount of data on the movement of American capital to other nations (and to low-wage, nonunionized areas in America) and on the social costs of unemployment, it is perhaps not surprising that they view the central problem as the export of American jobs, and the appropriate solution as retarding the movement of American capital so that jobs can be saved. But this view all but ignores the new pattern of international trade that is radically changing the nature of world competition.

AMERICAN JOBS are being lost in basic industries principally because the same goods can now be produced for the world market more cheaply in other countries where workers are paid far lower wages. The problem is not that American businesses have moved their low-skilled manufacturing operations abroad in order to take advantage of this cheaper labor. In many cases that has been a wise strategy; the American manufacturers could not have continued to be competitive internationally had they not reduced their labor costs substantially. Even Japan has moved many of its low-skilled assembly and batch-process operations to South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore, and Indonesia.

The shift of low-skilled manufacturing to lesser developed nations is both inevitable and desirable. It enables developing countries to build up their manufacturing industries and their national incomes. It simultaneously allows industrialized nations to shift their domestic capital and labor to higher valued uses, while at the same time establishing new markets for these more advanced goods. In this way, the very process by which industrial nations shed their older industries and embrace newer ones propels the international economy forward.

This is not to suggest that America or any other industrialized nation should necessarily abandon its basic steel, automobile, chemical, and textile industries. Issues of national defense aside, it is still the case that these basic industries provide the gateways through which new products and processes emerge. It is far easier to move into emerging industries by upgrading manufacturing skills and know-how—and elaborating upon existing networks of suppliers, distributors, and customers—than by leaping into a totally uncharted sea of products and processes unrelated to an industrial base of the past. Incremental change of this sort is what industrial evolution is all about. Rather than abandon these older industries, we should seek to restructure them toward higher valued and technologically more sophisticated businesses —like specialty steel, special chemicals, synthetic fibers, and precision-engineered automobiles and automobile components.

The real problem is that American businesses have not been making this shift rapidly enough. While moving their low-skilled manufacturing operations abroad, they have not simultaneously upgraded their United States operations. They have not retooled their plants, redesigned their machinery, retrained their workers for higher valued and more sophisticated production. With some notable exceptions (American computers and semiconductors, for example), American manufacturers have simply held on to increasingly outmoded processes and products—replicating them abroad in order to keep them competitive in world markets.

WHY HAVE American businesses failed to make the shift? Because success in the higher valued and more sophisticated businesses of the future requires substantial new investments—in research, machinery, and in people. These sorts of investments will not show a return for many years. Our capital markets simply are not organized to be this patient. The U.S. stock market, led by institutional investors, relentlessly demands a healthy show of quarterly earnings.

The troubling consequence of all this is not that American jobs are being lost. During the whole of the 1970s, the American economy did far better than any other industrialized nation at creating new jobs—over 17 million of them—notwithstanding the gradual erosion of the American industrial base. What is more, we can expect that during the next few years foreign nations will invest substantial sums in building new assembly facilities on American soil, since it is often cheaper to ship components over long distances and assemble them where you plan to sell them than it is to ship the finished goods all the way. Already Volkswagens are produced in Pennsylvania and Hondas in Ohio. And last year, foreign investment in America actually exceeded American investment abroad.

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of them will require relatively low skills and pay relatively low wages. They will be either in services sheltered from international competition or in simple manufacturing tasks that are undertaken in America in order to reduce distribution costs—jobs like office clerks, machine operators, orderlies, janitors, sales clerks, cashiers, waiters and waitresses, machine assemblers. (According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, two job categories in particular will do quite well in the years ahead: the demand for food-service workers will increase 49.6 percent over the next decade, and the number of jailers and correctional officials will rise 46.5 percent.) Thus, over the long term, the consequence of America's failure to shift its industrial base will be a decline in the Americans' standard of living relative to that of the citizens of other industrialized nations.

The answer is not to slow down the movement of capital in order to preserve old jobs. To the contrary, we must speed up the movement of capital and redirect it toward the creation of a new industrial base in America. Such an industrial policy will also require a massive investment in worker training and retraining for the new jobs that the new industrial base will entail: laser technicians, robotics technicians, engineers capable of developing solar, ocean, tarsands, and geothermal energy supplies, contractors capable of fabricating modular housing, specialists in disposing of hazardous wastes.

An industrial transformation on this scale will necessitate close cooperation among business, government, and labor. More important, it will require a broad consensus among the citizenry as a whole, lest those on whom the burdens of economic change initially fall seek to forestall it. The challenge is more political than economic. Yet most of the voices we hear these days call for economic planning insulated from politics. The neoconservative version vests primary responsibility with the Federal Reserve Board and with America's largest corporations; the neoliberal version, with tripartite industrial boards comprising leaders of business, labor, and government, or with a reconstituted Reconstruction Finance Corporation. To their credit, Bluestone and Harrison recognize the political choices that inevitably underlie industrial change, and the importance of making these choices explicitly and democratically.

But in suggesting that the democratic choice will and should be to slow down the pace of industrial change in America, the authors fail to grapple with the bedrock issue of industrial change in the world. For economic evolution is proceeding, as it always has, like the movement of a great river. One can seek to direct it into more socially beneficial channels; one can erect dams and locks to control its more destructive side effects. But any attempt to stop its flow is ultimately doomed, as it should be. Our standard of living and that of our future generations, and that of the rest of the world, depends on the speed of its current; our relative wealth, on the comparative swiftness of our raft.

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THE SPACE OF BEAUTY

The Power of the Center: A Study of Composition in the Visual Arts by Rudolf Arnheim

(University of California Press, 224 pp., $18.95, $8.95 paper)

Distinguishing the fine from the applied arts, and identifying the former as *les beaux arts*, constitutes a form of repression masked as exaltation paralleled only by the perception of women as the Fair Sex. To put works of art or to set women at what came to be known as an "aesthetic distance"—as objects whose essence and fulfillment consists in pleasing the senses—was a brilliant political response to what were felt as dark dangers in both. Aesthetics was an eighteenth-century invention, initially employed as a stratagem for disarming nature by transforming it into sights to gaze upon rather than forces to cope with, aesthetic distance serving the function iron bars more crassly do in zoos. Extended to the arts, aesthetic distance then does what frames and pedestals do to icons and effigies, isolating them conceptually from the practical world and humiliating them as objects fit only to caress the disinterested and refined eye.

It is wholly comprehensible that Duchamp should have said, "The danger to be avoided lies in aesthetic delectation," when he thrust into exhibition space an object so conspicuously of the practical world—a urinal—that resistance to being diaphanized into an "aesthetic object" might reasonably have been hoped for from it. And it is equally comprehensible that philosophers should respond to this counterattack by drawing our attention to the gleaming white surfaces and the pleasing curvatures of *Fountain*, as though aesthetic delectation were after all its point. The battle between philosophy and art began with Plato, and continues into our own time as a contest in which artists have sought to divest their productions of the degrading emblems of beauty, stunning if not injuring the finer sensibilites to whose bondage philosophy has until recently condemned them. A comparable act of liberation would be the self-defeminization of women.

It is to his great credit that Professor Arnheim has aspired to the role of peacemaker in this complex and enduring struggle. His clever tactic has been to get

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the antagonists to recognize themselves in one another, so that in attacking art the philosopher has been attacking an incarnation of himself, since the artist is a thinker of sorts, in the medium of sense. For the senses constitute a kind of intellectual system, cognitively structured, rather than a mere network of passive stimulabilites. But thought itself vests intellectual content in images, so the thinker is a kind of artist in the medium of ideation. The sensualized intellect of the thinker and the intellectualized senses of the artist are supposed to suggest as reconciling a vision as the parallel truce in the battle of the sexes, according to which the distinction between masculine and feminine cuts across the division of gender.

Because he has been sensitive to the moral, social, and certainly to the educational implications of his theories, and because he has offered them the prospect of a dignity grounded in psychological truth, Arnheim has been enthusiastically and respectfully heeded by artists and teachers of art. And deservedly so, for who but the Gestalt psychologists, among whom Arnheim counts himself, have addressed artists in terms that seemed to have the remotest connection to their problems? Artmaking was all but inscrutable to experimental psychology, and was mere sublimated pathology according to analytical psychology; philosophy, when not wholly hostile to the process of artistic creativity, has been largely unconcerned with it. On the side of art by being on the side of reason, Arnheim's theories have had an importance in excess of the books in which he rather less adequately has sought to defend them. For Arnheim's writings, while informed by current research in the psychology of perception and thought, are really more anecdotal than demonstrative, and lay before the reader the kinds of evidence Arnheim supposes point toward theses he modestly concedes are beyond his powers to prove. As indeed they are.

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OVER THE DECADES, Arnheim confided in the prefatory pages of *Visual Thinking*, he "had accumulated boxes of references from which a start could be made." A good many of those boxes were emptied in that book, and more are emptied in the present volume. The contents of the book are in effect the contents of a number of boxes, labeled, like the headings and subheadings of the book, "circles," "squares," "limits," "frames," "volumes," "depth," "boundaries," and the like. Like a medieval encyclopedia, it is a miscellaneous compendium, even though the boxes were selected to illustrate the differences and interactions between what Arnheim regards as two chief systems of spatial organization. It is the virtue and defect of his procedure that he regards the visual arts in terms of organized spaces.

The first system is that in which things are organized around centers, and is exemplified by concentric circles. This system Arnheim designates *cosmic* largely because he believes matter, left to itself, organizes in that way in contrast with the other way, which he calls *parochial* because it is the system *we* use to structure *our* space. The parochial is exemplified by something he speaks of with distaste as the Cartesian grid. The distinction is one Arnheim rhapsodizes more than analyzes; it's not clear how or why he arrived at it, and I find it quite implausible. Coordinates are magnitudes by reference to which we are enabled to locate with precision a point or set of points, like a line or plane, and Cartesian, or rectangular, coordinates are simpler to use than others. It is extremely difficult to see what Arnheim is getting at then when he says, "with all its virtues, the framework of verticals and horizontals has one grave defect. It has no center and therefore no way of defining any particular location." For defining location is what Cartesian coordinates *do*. By contrast, the circle itself can be precisely defined in Cartesian terms through the standard equation $x^2+y^2=r^2$ where the center is $x=0$ and $y=0$ for the standard coordinates. There is nothing un-Cartesian about circles, or about any geometrical shape for that matter: circles are as "Cartesian" as grids. or perhaps more so, since there is nothing especially Cartesian about grids. I felt that Arnheim confused the graph paper on which one does exercises in analytical geometry with the principles the diagrams are supposed to enable us to intuit. The grid no more defines a property of Cartesian space than latitudes and longitudes are real striations of the earth's face. In both cases they merely help us find our way about (rather than wander in circles?). Which is just what Arnheim says the Cartesian grid does *not* do.

NOW THE GRID has become a motif in certain avant-garde painting, from Piet Mondrian to Agnes Martin, in part because it serves as a device for realizing a theory about a difference between surface and depth in pictorial or planar art. One main effort of contemporary painting has been to combat illusion, and the most resistant of illusions is pictorial depth itself. The problem has been to mark a surface in such a way as to eliminate virtual depth. The grid is exactly a means to this, providing it really is a grid and not a picture of one. It is true, being modular, that grids have no center, but this is incidental to their philosophical purpose, which could be as well served by a cross, which does have a center.

But to grasp the meaning of a grid demands that we master certain theories, indeed certain philosophies of pictorial space. It is a main flaw of Arnheim's method that he supposes perception alone suffices our theoretical ends because he supposes that artworks are simply very complex perceptual structures. This requires him to inflate the concept of perception far beyond what it conceded cognitive structure would allow. Discussing Courbet's *L'atelier* in *Visual Thinking*, he tells us that "by careful and unprejudiced examination" of the nude female looking over the painter's shoulder, "the viewer will come to realize that she is not only his model, but also his muse, the traditional allegory of truth, the fullness of life." Surely this is asking a lot of perception, and surely it distorts the character of the painting by treating it as simply a very complex peer of those diagrams with which the Gestalt psychologist seeks to demonstrate good continuation and the like. The artist may indeed think in the medium of paint—but more

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than the perception of the painting is needed to recover the thought. The problem is, as always, that perceptually indistinguishable works of art may have quite different structures and quite different meanings that perception alone cannot make real. And after all, there are grids that are grids that are not works of art, while deep differences divide some works of art that are grids from others that are also grids, though the senses cannot tell us why.

The distinction that animates the book seems arbitrary and the theories the book subserves are flawed. Arnheim, by the sort of irony that makes illness seem metaphorical, has whatever the ocular counterpart is to a tin ear. His analyses of particular paintings are just painfully off, as when he describes the Magdalen in Titan's *Noli me Tangere* this way: "The figure of the woman is an active wedge shape, trailing along the ground like a snail, but reinforced by the bright red of her garment." If she *is* trailing like a snail, she is headed (slowly) in a direction just the opposite of what his interpretation of the painting requires.

These inadequacies notwithstanding, Arnheim remains a figure we must admire for his great and solitary efforts at closing gaps between art and thought. And the topics he takes up—the boxes he empties—make a fascinating collection of pictorial *topoi*, and alone justify the book's existence.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Arthur C. Danto is Johnsonian Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University and the author recently of *The Transfiguration of the Commonplace: A Philosophy of Art* (Harvard University Press).

A CAREER OF SELF-DESTRUCTION

The Life of John Berryman by John Haffenden

(Routledge & Kegan Paul, 451 pp., $22.50)

Early on in this excellent and harrowing account of John Berryman's life, his biographer attempts to name the source of Berryman's art: "His creative output may be accounted for (to some extent) as the product of dwelling on himself: a self, he felt, intruded on by the outside world." Never mind the "to some extent," and never mind about how, ultimately, nothing will "account" for a writer's "creative output": the remark seems to me absolutely true about Berryman's poetry and to distinguish him from other poets who, for all their self-absorption and self-dwelling, still manage to treat "the outside world" as something more than a bothersome intrusion on self. If Berryman's work can be distinguished from those others, as I think it can, by the abruptness and intensity with which it registers such intrusions, its deep limitations are also bound up with the central, single-minded preoccupation. It sounds heartless and perhaps complacent to say so, but no significant poetry of this century has less "helped us to live our lives"—in Wallace Stevens's phrase.

It is very much to John Haffenden's credit that not only has he put in the necessary time going through the extensive Berryman collection at the University of Minnesota (this is an authorized biography, in progress for the past decade, and Mr. Haffenden has been most thorough and industrious), but he has done so without ending up hating or even condescending to his subject. He is not above hazarding a reproof or two, when Berryman's misbehavior is most blatant; but mainly he stays detached, lets his subject speak (and speak and speak) for himself. Haffenden has taken it as his "brief" "to relate all the necessary facts of Berryman's life." This activity is performed in a prose that is efficient and unpretentious, and that feels no need to compete verbally with its subject. Perhaps his identity as an Englishman (he lectures at the University of Sheffield) aids him in staying cool, but the main sense he conveys is of someone who really likes poetry (he has edited a first-rate collection of "conversations" with contemporary English poets) and is fascinated by Berryman's career as a stellar practitioner.

Berryman's father, John Allyn Smith, committed suicide when John the son was twelve; his mother then married John Angus Berryman, with whom she had been friendly before her husband turned the shotgun on himself. (Berryman and his younger brother adopted their stepfather's surname.) Five years later, as an unhappy, though academically successful, student at South Kent School in Connecticut and after a fight with a schoolmate, Berryman placed himself on the railroad tracks in the face of an oncoming train and was dragged off by his friends just in time. His later career included a breakdown during his first teaching job at Wayne State University in 1939 (the eventual diagnosis was petit mal), and a progressively more severe alcoholism—which got its start with heavy drinking in 1947—culminating in hospitalization and his final leap from the bridge into the Mississippi River in January 1972. Faced with this depressing story, and encouraged by Berryman's account in the *Dream Songs* (especially # 145—"I cannot read that wretched mind, so strong/ & so undone"), John Allyn Smith's suicide has figured as a debilitating burden under which his son labored. But as Mr. Haffenden convincingly shows—and as Berryman himself knew, at least at times—his mother's stifling solicitude for her older son (Martha Berryman wrote him twenty-seven times during his first month at South Kent) was at least as crippling. A diary entry from near the end of Berryman's life deals with the phenomenon in about as clear-eyed a way as is possible in such attempts at self-analysis:

> So maybe my long self-pity has been based on an *error*, and there has been no (hero-) villain (Father) ruling my life, but only an unspeakably powerful possessive adoring MOTHER, whose life at 75 is still centered wholly on *me*. And my (omnipotent) feeling that I can *get away with anything* . . . has been based on the knowledge that she will *always* forgive me, always come to the rescue. . . . And my vanity based on *her* uncritical passionate admiration . . . rendering me invulnerable ('indifferent'—a *fact* too) to all criticism, and impatient with anything less than total prostration before the products of my genius. . . .
>
> [Berryman's ellipses]

In the face of such sophisticated analysis (and it could be sophistic too, and self-serving—as when Berryman, resolving to reform his adulterous ways, writes in a journal of 1950 that his decision was "not to worry so but to take fucks where they turned up . . . not however to *seek* out new ones"), his biographer settles for the

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sensible claim that his mother "swaddled him with feelings so intense that he could never reciprocate her insistent love, and grew to be burdened by it."

But of course other men have been swaddled by mother love and managed to survive it less unhappily than Berryman. If one wanted, just for a moment, to speak as if his destructive drinking and wall-to-wall philandering were as much matters of choice as of compulsion, then one might say that—like the Dylan Thomas he adulated—Berryman chose to live up to a dated notion of the Romantic poet as self-destroyer. In the face of such long-enduring presences as Frost, Stevens, Pound, and Williams, the notion was revived by "Cal" and "Randall" and "Delmore," but preeminently by himself. Even at its most innocent, the character that resulted in his case is hard to love. A colleague from Wayne State days describes him thus:

> His general response to "Good Morning" or "Hi" was a rather surly growl—or even nothing. . . . In one other respect, he was not a joy to have as an office mate; his baths and changes of clothing were all too infrequent, and all too often a very "gamey" odor seemed to be coming from his corner of the office.

As usual Berryman had better words for it, writing to his mother that "my character is a disagreeable compound of arrogance, selfishness and impatience, scarcely relieved by dashes of courtesy and honesty." A student from his teaching days at Princeton in the late 1940s compared him to Byron in the "extravagant emotional demands he made on people" and as a "walking archetype of the brilliant, erratic, guilt-laden poet": "Beneath all the posturing, he was somehow the real thing," added the student.

He was the real thing, in part, because of his intelligence about literature and other writers—as demonstrated in his book on Stephen Crane and his impressive, posthumously published collection of essays, *The Freedom of the Poet*, where he is as insightful about prose writers like "Monk" Lewis or Ring Lardner as about the poets. He was an ace student at Columbia and Cambridge, and managed to sustain both a scholarly and critical interest in Shakespeare. He was an informed and passionate listener to classical music, self-trained under the instructions of B. H. Haggin's books ("the well-known musicologist, B. H. Haggin," Haffenden unfortunately calls that scourge of musicologists!).

WHEN HE TOOK the occasional tumble, he never did it by halves. His disastrous, brief teaching experience at Iowa in the early 1950s—from which he was soon dismissed, landing at Minnesota for the remainder of his days—began with the night he came home to his lodgings at (in case you wanted to know) the home of "Mr. and Mrs. Bristol" (a professor of business administration and his elderly wife, at work on a dissertation), tumbled down a flight of stairs, through a glass door, "and landed bloodily in the shower." Besides the broken left wrist and swollen ankles produced by this fall, Berryman also suffered at that period from "colonitis," diarrhea, shortness of breath, fitful sleeping, and general loss of "dexterity." These too were the real thing.

In Eileen Simpson's *Poets in Their Youth*, Berryman emerges from her memoir of their married life in the 1940s at Harvard and Princeton as a fascinating, impossible person, made vivid by the remarkably equable sound of his ex-wife's affecting voice. But left on his own, the story of that life—particularly its later reaches—is chilling. We hear from Haffenden of Berryman's calling students at Minnesota for reassurance that he had been "brilliant" at the morning's lecture; or of him repeating, when drunk, a lecture he had given in the previous class. Or he is reciting poetry to the feet of a colleague's wife, after she has rejected more extreme advances. Or he is incontinent in his London hotel bed, there in 1967 to play his part in "Poetry Internation." Haffenden's objectivity and relating of all the "necessary facts" has its ludicrous reaches: he tells us, for example, that damages from the bed-wetting (and other "extras" incurred in those six days at the hotel—for some reason unidentified!) came to £84. Or he affects a curious mathematical exactness in detailing how many times the poet made it with the woman from Princeton with whom he had an affair in 1947, out of which were generated 115 sonnets:

> In all that time [half a year] Lise had come to his apartment only once or twice, his office at Upper Pyne not above three times; no more than twice to his library office, and only half a dozen times to their rural trysting-place, the Grove.

Faced with such unnecessary facts (and having been given that much, I wanted *more*), the reader feels like a voyeur, gossip-hound, or recipient of somebody else's business. I felt at times like each of the above as well as—at other times—just plain interested. And occasionally Haffenden sounds like an Englishman struggling with the American terrain—"Lying within short range of Manhattan Island in New York, Princeton provided a peaceful, genteel small-town life." I don't believe it for a minute.

AFTER BERRYMAN published *Love and Fame* in 1970 to mixed reviews, he went to the extent of writing a preface to the revised edition two years later deploring those "uncomprehending" reviews, and explaining that his title was ironic, that his poems constituted an "attack" on love and fame, at least in their worldly aspects. I was one of the uncomprehending reviewers, since it seemed to me that—for all their parade of his "vices"—Berryman confessed mainly to virtue; that if he were self-lacerating, he was also self-excusing and self-forgiving, to the greater glory of more poems on the subject. (The "eleven addresses to the Lord" with which that volume concluded seemed to me an attempt to move into new, really top-level company.) But his reputation will rest mainly on *Dream Songs* (surely not *Homage to Mistress Anne Bradstreet*, which is close to unreadable). And for all their moments of comedy, amusing smart-talk, and elegiac celebrations of his dead contemporaries (the extended sequence about Delmore Schwartz is admirable), it is worth noting the anonymous *TLS* reviewer who wrote that "it is possible for the reader to dislike poem after poem

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and idea after idea without imagining that what he likes could have come into existence without what he dislikes." There is much in that edgy exhibitionism to dislike.

When Robert Frost died in 1963, Berryman wondered where that left him, since he was pretty sure Lowell was "Number 1." An essay should be written about why Lowell's "confessional" mode at its best, in *Life Studies* and sometimes in the sonnets, is so much more inclusive, surprising, and moving than even the best of *Dream Songs*, let alone the poems that followed. Busy as he is with setting down the facts, Mr. Haffenden never really takes the time to ask whether, in its insular, hopped-up dwelling on the self, Berryman's work suffers not only in comparison with Lowell's, but with that of contemporaries like Randall Jarrell and Elizabeth Bishop—poets whose work in my judgment offers more sustaining pleasure and, yes, "criticism of life" than does Berryman's. Ten years after his death, the extent of his contribution to our literature is, as it probably should be, very much up for argument. But as the record of this biography makes clear for the first time, the shocking memorableness of the life is unarguable. His third wife, Kate, after bearing him two daughters and caring for him as best she could during his last ten years, was in the biographer's words "emotionally and physically run down" when in late 1971 she received a letter from her husband containing the following sentences:

> I was sympathetic to your "depression" etc. God knows why. "I've been in shock for ten years"—I haven't heard such crap since "You've been drunk for nine years". . . . I want you, after levelling with the group for the first time in your life, to put yourself in the hands of a competent analyst, preferably female. I doubt if it will help. I think you suffer from, among other things, the jealous hatred of the very weak for the decisively strong (yes, dear, that's me), and I hope I am wrong or it is reparable. . . .

Would you believe it? Two months later he was dead. Jarrell says about Whitman that they should have written on his tombstone WALT WHITMAN: HE HAD HIS NERVE. It should have been written on Berryman's as well.

WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD

William H. Pritchard teaches English at Amherst and is the author of *Lives of the Modern Poets* (Oxford University Press).

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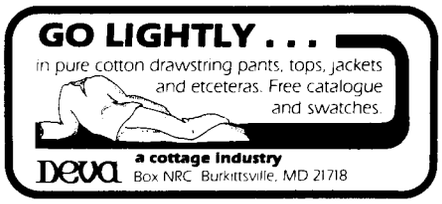
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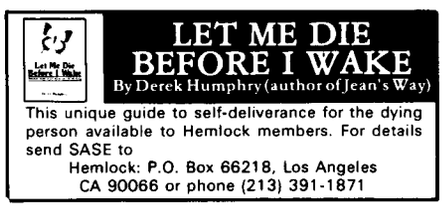
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By arrangement with government officials throughout the world, a complete collection of all the circulating coins — in mint-fresh condition — from every coin-issuing country of the world.

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- The complete collection will be available only by subscription.

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Educational and enjoyable for every member of the family

Many of the coins are outstanding for their beauty, their historical significance and the themes they represent. The coinage of Greece, for example, evokes its rich classical heritage: the 20 drachmai portraying the great statesman Pericles. The coinage of Japan features the 100 yen coin with its lovely design of cherry blossoms.

The coinage of Austria consists of 8 different coins, with the 5 schilling piece showing a Lippizaner stallion of the renowned Spanish Riding School in Vienna. The coins of Indonesia depict the exotic birds of that land, and the coins of Fiji ceremonial objects unique to the culture of this island people. By contrast, the coinage of Sweden is very formal: the 1 Krona bearing a classic portrait of King Carl Gustaf and the 50 Ore featuring the royal monogram and the Swedish Crown.

These official coinage sets form a collection of infinite variety—and include coins of many different shapes: round, octagonal, twelve-sided, scalloped. And they are minted in a variety of metals: bronze, copper, brass, nickel and cupro-nickel.

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You will receive your collection at the rate of two issues per month. The price for each issue is $13.95 including the mint-fresh coins, cachets, stamp, foreign postmarking and all customs charges. There is *no charge* for the storage cases or reference folders.

Subscription applications are being accepted at this time. But because of the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient quantity of *mint-fresh* coins for every nation represented, it is important that your application be mailed promptly. (A future opportunity to subscribe may be offered but cannot be guaranteed.)

To subscribe for this complete series of coinage sets from around the world, be sure to mail your application to The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, PA, by December 31st.

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The Franklin Mint
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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Order of Silence

I WAS SURPRISED the other day to receive a message that Charles Kaiser, *Newsweek*'s media writer, had phoned. Charles hadn't called before he wrote, in his September 13 *Newsweek* piece on the controversy about press coverage of the Lebanese war, that my "Lebanon Eyewitness" (TNR, August 2) was a "polemic" that "came up with very few specifics." So why, I wondered, was he calling after? (He'd also called me a "neoconservative"; maybe he wanted to make sure I'd notice the compliment.) In any case, he'd forgotten why he phoned; but before hanging up he announced, "Peretz, you flunked Journalism 1." As it turns out, it is he who has flunked, along with his Panglossian media teammates (like *The Washington Post*'s Ed Cody, who reports in the September *Washington Journalism Review* on the wonderful job he and his fellow *Post*men had done in Lebanon). There was evidence twice last week that the controversy won't die.

TED KOPPEL opened his ABC "Nightline" special, "Battlefield Journalism," with the provocative question: "Has television itself become a new weapon in modern warfare?" A vigorous point-counterpoint followed, during which John Martin of ABC News revealed that "in Lebanon, Palestinian commanders permitted camera crews and correspondents to move freely into areas under attack, but not to photograph military targets hidden among civilian offices and apartments." This means that the TV reports from PLO-occupied West Beirut were censored, eliminating precisely the visual evidence of the central facts justifying the Israeli siege. What's more, you weren't even told that you weren't seeing something important. So while television relentlessly repeated that dispatches from the Israeli side were censored by Israeli authorities, it didn't tell you of the PLO's censorship—which of course made the censorship that much more effective. Or, to put it in Koppel's terms, television had become a weapon in the war, a weapon of the PLO.

THESE ARE THE KINDS of distortions described in David Garth's Anti-Defamation League survey of the evening news from June 4 to September 1: inflated casualty figures, little discernment about what constitutes a reliable source, obsession with "hot images," ignorance of or contempt for history and context. The survey was termed "careful and quietly stated" by the president of NBC News. Garth says that the reporting on the PLO itself was simply too credulous. This is an old story. The most invidiously distorting coverage of Lebanon came during the six or seven years before the war. Reread the files of the major papers and news magazines, recall the network news programs, and see if you'll muster much about the brutal PLO occupation of southern Lebanon. Did anyone report on the vast arsenal assembled there? Why were all those reporters so indifferent? Lebanese journalists, now freed of the threat of PLO retaliation, are engaged in a painful self-accounting. But they also know that what explains their behavior explains the behavior of the foreigners. A few were bribed; most were simply terrified, as I've noted in these pages before (TNR, March 10, March 17). These reporters are now collectively known by the Lebanese as "the order of silence." Various terrorist organizations put out conditional contracts on journalists who reported in ways not to the PLO's liking; some paid with their lives. After that, says the senior editor of Beirut's French language *L'Orient-Le Jour*, "not one of them dared to write or broadcast the truth."

IN WASHINGTON it's easy to get an anti-Israel story published. Just take it to the *Post*. In the October 13 *Post*, Pentagon correspondent George Q. Wilson led his story this way: "Israel used cluster bombs extensively against civilians in Lebanon and 'flagrantly violated' agreements with the United States in doing so, according to an American international-law specialist who spent a month in Beirut obtaining affidavits from doctors, interviewing victims and gathering bomb parts." The problem with the story is that the "international-law specialist," one Franklin Lamb, is a certified fraud with a lengthy criminal record, as a glance at the *Post*'s own files would have disclosed. Lamb is the one who invented the story out of Beirut, swallowed by UPI, that the Israelis had used "vacuum bombs." The problem with that story was that there's no such thing as a vacuum bomb. The latter tale had been exposed by Laurence Grafstein in "The Implosion Plot" (TNR, September 6). Because of alert readers, the *Post* was embarrassed into printing a retraction of Lamb's latest fiction. On October 26, its ombudsman published a squeamish narrative of the mishap that confuses more than it clarifies. What we learn inter alia, though, is that—as with the anti-Israel ad published by the *Post* on July 11, the one that falsely purported to carry the imprimatur of several humanitarian agencies—the most routine scrutiny is suspended when the message coincides with the bias of the paper's news pages. *The Christian Science Monitor* also fell for the Lamb hoax; unlike the *Post*, the *Monitor* has yet to retract a word. Still, the more inventive fictions with a local dateline are usually caught and rebutted. It's not so easy when the dateline is Beirut.

AMIN GEMAYEL is now back in Beirut after a triumphal tour to Europe and America. Part of his triumph is that there weren't many questions about the massacres in Sabra and Shatila, and none, I'd bet, from either President Reagan or the Holy Father in Rome. It's not that Gemayel has refrained from commenting on the massacres on his own initiative. Indeed, he volunteered to *Le Monde* that "the responsibility is borne by the Israelis . . . and the Phalangists had nothing to do with it." Now everybody, and certainly the press, knows this is a preposterous falsehood, that Phalange units were, in fact, the murderers. It does not surprise me that there's been no big outcry in Lebanon for an inquiry, even from Moslems: a massacre is a common mode of politics in the Arab world. But why the polite silence for Gemayel in the face of his brazen lies from those editorialists so quick to condemn Israel on only a hint of complicity? Why the order of silence for Pope John Paul II (again the order of silence for the papacy!) when the Phalange is comprised exclusively of sons of his Church? And while I'm fixed on the Pope's silence, why does the Vatican still pointedly refuse to recognize diplomatically—de jure and de facto—the existence of Israel? Cardinal Willebrands says that the Pope told Arafat that the PLO must recognize Israel. Arafat may wonder why, if this is such good advice, the Pope doesn't follow it himself.

M. P.

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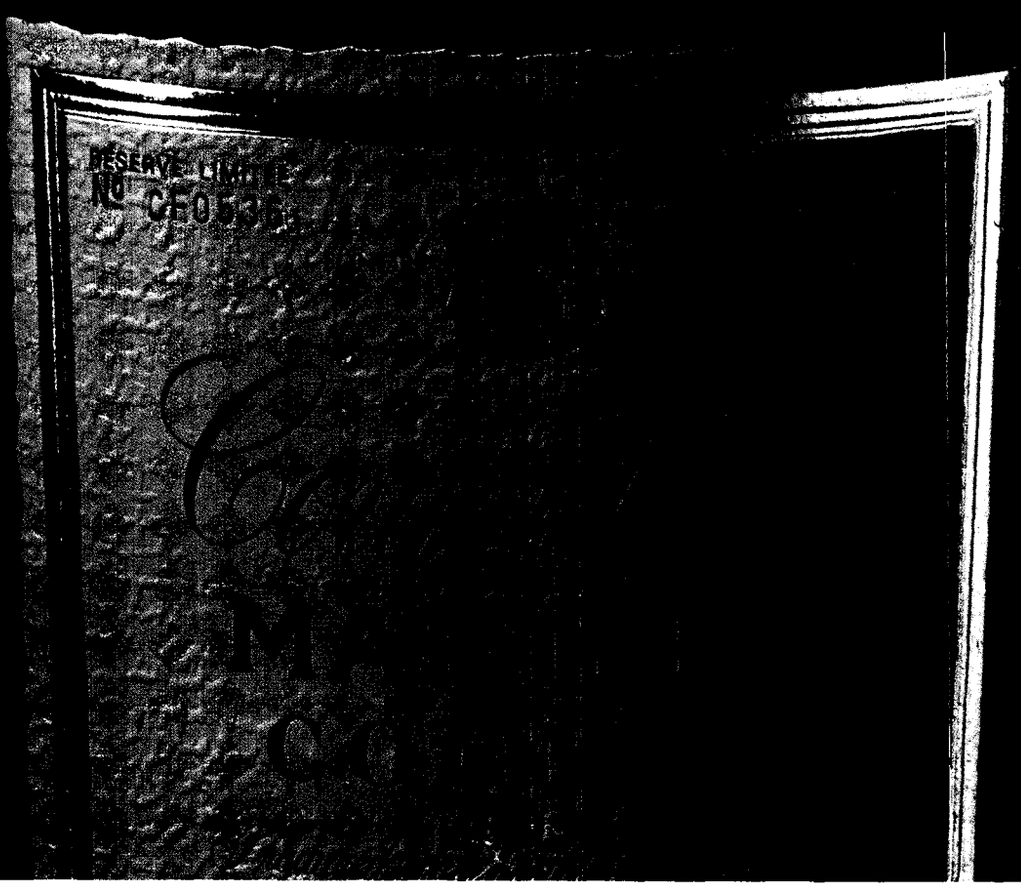

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